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ELLEN CLIFFORD.

ELLEN CLIFFORD;

OR THE

GENIUS OF REFORM

BY THE

AUTHOR OF THE PALFREYS.

Mrs. S. C. E. Hayes.

'Even in this life, the means of exquisite felicity, social and intellectual, are within human attainment, but *always connected* with *purity*, and *goodness*, *and knowledge*.' MRS. HALE.

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PREFACE.

THE genius of reform—where dwells it? The politician answers: In the halls of legislation, the courts and councils of the nation; the divine points to the pulpit; the moralist to public institutes for the promotion of virtue; and the man of letters to the issues of the press. And is there no other voice to answer? Yes, the low, soft voice of woman speaks: DOMESTIC INFLUENCE is the genius of reform, and its temple is HOME.

Young females (for whose benefit this little tale is more expressly intended,) are earnestly and affectionately exhorted to cultivate their domestic influence. While others are carrying their aid abroad to foreign objects of need, it is THEIR office to fulfill the 'home mission' —to encourage virtue and piety in the household circle, and when sin and degradation enter, to bring their whole energies to the work of salvation.

The author has but one word to say for herself. She relies implicitly upon the charity and forbearance of her friends, in obtruding a second volume upon their attention, and is most happy to testify, from past experience, to the

generous encouragement which they bestow upon the lowliest efforts in the cause of morality.

Boston, June 1838.

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ELLEN CLIFFORD;

OR

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CHAPTER I.

'Strong affection contends with all things.'
JOANNA BAILLIE.

It had been a warm, damp day in the first of March—such a day as invalids, and the consumptive, especially, regard as facile stepping stones to the grave. The evening was dark and foggy, and the south wind crept chilly and moist through the crevices of an apartment where sat a pale victim of want and disease. She was reclining in a broken arm-chair—her head was supported by a miserable pillow, and her feet rested upon a block before a few dim coals, from which the wind had diffused the smoke very abundantly about the room. Her countenance was exceedingly pale, and much

wasted by physical suffering—and her eyes betrayed that excess of heart-ache, which may be felt and understood, but can never be described.

At one corner of the chimney sat a girl in the dawn of youth, bending, all absorbed, over a volume of astronomical lore, whose pages were lighted by the fragment of a candle, that was sending out its last flickering beams from the socket of an iron stick. Her countenance had much expressive loveliness, but it lacked the hearty bloom of youth, and the impress of mature thought was upon it. One other being made up the group—a still younger girl of exquisite beauty; she sat in a true oriental posture upon a braided rug, that was spread upon the floor by her mother's side. A Maltese kitten was sleeping in her lap, her round cheek lay lovingly upon it, and her black silken locks mingled with its soft blue fur.

Sweet, tender-hearted Viola! in all exterior loveliness, and in all purity and faithfulness of heart, she was an exotic upon earth; but her mind—that exquisite instrument of divine workmanship—though beautiful in its materials and mechanism, was weak and inexpressive; its chords were unstrung, its melody was fitful, wild and broken, like the intermissive tones of

an air-harp. A bright thought would sometimes dart athwart it, like the fragment of a sunbeam, and then all was again dim and shadowy as twilight.

'O, mamma!' exclaimed the elder sister, as the last blaze of the candle expired and left them in darkness, 'my light is out so soon. I have not half finished my subject, and it is *very* interesting. May I not replace it?'

'Nay, rest awhile, Ellen. You have studied now till your eyes droop with weariness. Such intense and long-continued application will injure you. Lay by your book awhile, and tell me what you have been reading,' said Mrs. Clifford, in a tone that expressed all a mother's anxious tenderness.

'Why, mamma, I have roamed from star to star, the skies all over, and am not weary in the least. The astronomer was just giving some account of the classification of stars, and of the origin of the names of the constellations. I was peculiarly interested by the history of Berenice's hair. This Egyptian queen was concerned for the safety of Ptolemy, her husband, who was absent upon a warlike expedition, and made a vow to the gods that, if he were restored to her unhurt, she would consecrate her

hair in the temple of Venus. Her hair was very beautiful, and esteemed a great treasure—but she did not shrink from the sacrifice. Her husband arrived in safety, and she fulfilled her vow of love ; but the keepers of this sacred deposite were unfaithful to their trust, and it was soon lost. Their lives however were preserved, by the assurance of Conon, the astronomer who asserted that the hair had been translated to heaven, and formed a constellation there —where it still remains, mamma, a brilliant memento of conjugal fidelity.'

'Would to God that a like sacrifice, or any sacrifice of mine, could restore one wanderer to the paths of virtue,' said Mrs. Clifford in a tone of deep anguish. 'A willing offering would my life be for a consummation like that.'

'Dear mamma, I was too inconsiderate—I have made you sad,' said Ellen, penitently, as she arose and adjusted the pillow that supported her mother's head ; and then adding a little brush-wood to the coals, and kindling a blaze, she drew her chair, and sat down to cheer and soothe her spirits.

'I am not exactly a genie, mother, to change monsters into creatures of unearthly beauty, and endow them with angelic spirits, nor am I gifted

with the power of casting out evil spirits, but I have some of those *human* gifts, which, if properly exercised, will produce the strangest and most beneficent effects; and I have made a vow to devote those powers to the salvation of my parents—to reclaim the erring one from his sins, and bring him back to God, to provide for the wants of the best of mothers, and, if possible, restore her to health and happiness. My hopes are ardent, mother, but neither vague nor visionary. They will be realized!'

'If you are not a genie yourself, Ellen, you have the counsel and assistance of a very powerful one,' replied the mother with a faint smile.

'Faith, you mean. Yes, I have faith, and I have perseverance, and I have the aid of Heaven. Shall I fail?'

'Not altogether, I hope. You may save your father—God grant you the aid of his right hand in doing it—but I shall not live to witness the reformation; I am summoned to another land. This heart-ache is wearing me away.'

'But this heart-ache must be cured. Enter into my plans, mamma—trust in Heaven, and all will yet be well. Dr. Rogers thinks your disease not incurable, if you will but rally your spirits, and submit to a few medical restrictions.

Do, dear mamma, forget your sorrows for my sake and poor Viola.'

'Poor Viola—poor Viola!' exclaimed the gentle idiot, catching the mournful cadence of her sister's voice, and rising on her knees to lay her head upon her mother's lap. 'Do not forget Viola.'

'Forget you? no, poor stricken flower! no, never! You are right, Ellen, I must live for my children. For your sakes I must crush these vampyre sorrows that are drinking up my heart's blood. Father in heaven,' she supplicated, lifting up her attenuated hands toward the throne of mercy, 'spare, O spare me to watch over these shorn lambs! Is there a balm in Gilead? is there a Physician there? O, send him, Father, to bind up my bleeding spirit—to heal the wounds of a heart spurned, cast down, and trampled upon by one who vowed at thy altar to cherish it ever in his bosom. Alas! his own is dead—its pulse of love is stilled.'

The echo of her voice was met by a well-known and appalling sound at the door step. Ellen turned pale, but rose and replenished the fire, and placed a chair at a considerate distance from her mother, who, at the first sound of her

husband's approach, had buried her face in her trembling hands. Viola sprang up in the light-hearted joy of an all undoubting love, and ran to the door to welcome—a drunken father.

CHAPTER II.

'There is a fiery cup,
Whose ministry of wo
Can melt the spirit's purest pearl,
And lay the mightiest low.'

'HA! ha! ha! Viola 's always glad to see papy,' was Clifford's salutation to his innocent daughter, as she opened the door and greeted him with one of her most affectionate smiles. 'Take hold of my hand, pretty dear—there, there, that's a sweet little violet—ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, a sweet little violet—papy's so tired!'

'Poor papa! Viola *will* lead papa, when he is so tired,' said she, offering her little hand to help him cross the threshold. The wretched man bereft of his guiding power, tottered and reeled from right to left, in spite of her eager efforts to conduct him safely to the fireside—and when at length he succeeded in reaching that destination, he fell upon the rug which Viola had occupied, and pulled the little girl into his lap.

'You are the best treasure of my heart, Viola—my witless babe! yes, yes, when all the world

frowns upon me, Viola smiles—when all the world scorns me, Viola pities—when all the world hates me, Viola loves—ha! ha! ha! yes, Viola loves—Viola loves!'

He laid his head in her lap, and laughed loud and convulsively, while the tears of bitter anguish, even in that moment of deep inebriation, burst, free, and abundant, from his crimsoned eyes. 'So she does—Viola does love dear, good papa!' she replied, joining her own gentle, light-hearted mirth, in all the simplicity of her sympathetic heart, with the wild, unwitting laughter of the conscience-stricken inebriate.

'What an association for thee, sweet injured innocence!' exclaimed the mother, half audibly, 'Oh! must I, can I suffer it?'

'Dear mamma,' whispered Ellen, 'God will make her an instrument of his salvation. She holds the key of his heart—she will open it for us to remove the poison. Do not fear for her—she is protected by a talisman from heaven. Her very simplicity is a safeguard.'

Mrs. Clifford could not be soothed. The picture of that pure, unsophisticated child, confidingly reposing in the arms of an intoxicated parent, and mingling with his coarse hysterical laughter, the silvery melody of a heart that never

dreamed of sin, was too harrowing to her tender sensibility. She begged Ellen to take her sister to bed. She would have obeyed, but the father repulsed her. 'You shall not take her away! No, Ellen, you may go yourself—but Viola shall stay with me. She shall sleep in my arms, pretty dear, if she will; but I say you shan't take her away.'

'But papa,' said Ellen, 'you are weary and sick. Shall I not get you a cup of tea?'

'No, no, Ellen, my girl, I am too nervous, I can't drink tea; my nerves are stretched upon a rack now, see how my hands tremble! Have not you a cup of brandy to give me?'

'Not a drop, papa. And besides, brandy weakens, instead of quieting the nerves. I will get you some paregoric, if you would like.'

'None of your doctor's stuff for me; poison, all of it. I'll have something that has some strength in it. Haven't you any gin?'

'No, sir.'

'Nor rum?'

'No sir; no spirit of any kind.'

'No wonder your mother is sick, fed on pills and powders, without a drop of anything to stimulate or cheer her. Poor woman! she shall have something better than these narcotic drugs.

Bring me a shilling, Ellen ; I'll run down before the shop is shut, and get a pint or two of brandy.'

'Clifford !' said his wife reproachfully,' go not to purchase intoxication for me. My heart requires something more powerful than inebriating draughts to remove the iron hand which is crushing it. You, Edred Clifford *can* raise it, but not by exciting liquors, not by bacchanalian potations.'

'Dear soul, what can I do to please you ? Am I not a good kind husband ? Did I ever injure you, or scold at you, or neglect you ? I always mean to treat you well, I declare I do ; I would not hurt a hair of your head for nothing in this wide world—ha ! ha ! ha ! no I vow I wouldn't for nothing. I wouldn't ask you for a cent of money if I wasn't driven to it ; you know I'm not stingy, nor a hog as old Tom Caldwell is, miserly rascal ! I've worked for him all day long, chopping and splitting his wood for him, and neither a glass of liquor nor a cent of money have I got for it. If I had not by good luck happened to have a ninepence to buy a glass of gin with, I might have been as crazy as a loon before now, I'm so dreadful nervous. I declare I must have something to keep up my spirits. Do, Margaret, let me have a shilling ;

you're a good, generous woman—I love you, Meggy, I declare I do. Poor woman! I pity you—give me a shilling, love, and God bless you!'

'No, Clifford, my children must have bread, and I must have money to pay for it. Brandy will not do you good, I *know* it will not; but the money that you would pay for it, may save us from death. I cannot let you have it.'

Clifford uttered a loud deep groan, that awoke a dismal echo in the gloomy apartment. Viola started from his arms, and concealed herself behind her mother's chair. After many attempts to rise, the poor wretch succeeded in getting on his knees, and in this attitude of petition, he grasped his wife's hand and pressed it to his fevered lips, pleading for a shilling, or a sixpence, or even a fourpence, with as much fervor as in previous years he had sued for her heart. She was deaf to his entreaties.

He then turned to Ellen. 'Sweet Ellen, you are not cruel, you will not curse me, ha! ha! ha! you will pity—yes, Ellen, you will pity me; you know I might command you, but I am tender hearted. I love you, I feel for you, and I beg you to give me just one little fourpence, I will not ask you for more. I know

I am a wretch—I know I am a sot—I know I do wrong—but I don't mean any harm, God knows I don't. I wouldn't hurt you, Ellen, for worlds, but I must have some spirit—I shall go distracted! Oh! see, see these tears! Should I weep if I were not in anguish? Pity, pity your wretched father! Must I steal it? Will you not pity me, will you not save me from prison? Ellen! Ellen!'

The poor girl sank on knees at her father's side, took his hand in her own, and raised it toward Heaven. 'Lift your prayers to the throne of Mercy, appeal to your Father in heaven for pity, He alone can save you. Oh, papa! pray to Him—his ear is never closed, his heart is never pitiless. Pray for pardon, pray for salvation, father, pray!'

'I cannot! I must not! 'twere blasphemy for such a wretch to pray! Oh, Ellen, give me money! give me money, and I will leave your sight. I will go and lie with the *brutes*, if they will suffer such a fool to grovel with them. Give me money—I beg, I plead, I pray, give me money!'

'Money? does papa wish money?' inquired Viola, running toward him, her face brightening

with joy at her comprehension of his desires—'does papa wish money ? Viola has money for papa.' She took from her bosom a net purse, and dropped into his *outstretched* hand a silver half-dollar. 'Clement gave it to me ; good Clement, wasn't he, papa ?'

'Clement Caldwell ? Yes, very different from his miserly father. Good Viola, too—papy will buy Viola a new gown for this. Ha ! ha ha ! I guess Sam Hilton will down with his bottles now, by—'

He did not utter the oath, for the child's lips were pressed to his ; but placing one hand upon her shoulder, and the other upon the arm of his wife's chair, he raised himself upon his feet, then picking up his hat, he staggered toward the door.

'Oh Clifford !' exclaimed his wife, in a tone of inexpressible anguish. One of his loud, habitual laughs was the only response, as he rushed ruthlessly onward. He was arrested at the door by a scream from Ellen ; he turned and saw his wife stretched senseless upon the floor. Now came the reign of conscience. He dropped the latch—flung his hat from him, and returned to groan and weep over the victim of his

sins. Terror gave him strength, and he assisted his daughter in conveying her to her bed, and in applying such restoratives, as were within their reach. Morning found them watching at her bedside. Life and reason were there—but she was exceedingly ill.

CHAPTER III.

'To be, or not to be: that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against assailing troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.' HAMLET.

EDRED CLIFFORD was a man of very easy, credulous disposition, and as naturally pliable in character as was ever clay in the hands of a potter. Wild and volatile in youth, he had mingled with companions who had all his habits of dissipation, with very little of his amiability of heart; and, intoxicated by their caresses and applause, he had plunged into scenes of vice from which his natural feelings would have revolted. The voice of his pure-hearted Margaret won him awhile from the seductions of the charmer, and he vowed a reformation—but his jovial propensities again led him astray, and this time secretly.

It is possible, had Mrs. Clifford been conscious of his earliest renewed aberrations from rectitude, she might have saved him; but to a natural timidity of mind that shrunk from a deep

scrutiny into the habits and actions of others, she added an undoubting trust in those she loved—a trust that long outlived the worth it reposed in. When at length awakened to his condition she found him sunk, past her redemption, in the lowest degradation. Honor, virtue, property were gone—love was faded, and ambition dead; yet, lost as he was to reason and uprightness, he never directly injured, or spoke harshly to a member of his household; and he would have resented any intimation that he was an unkind or unfaithful guardian to his family. He could not comprehend how a habit, whose effects, as he thought, were confined to his own person, could, in any way, bring misery upon his dependants, so long as he toiled for their sustenance, and was good-tempered and indulgent toward them. Poor wretch! he forgot that their weal and woe were identified with his—that the heart has more wants than its frail tenement, and that while the demands of love are unheeded, the physical wants are reckless of neglect.

Clifford never made it a boast that 'he was not a man to be governed by his wife;' her province, however, was extremely limited, for all authorities were subordinate to his passion

for 'strong drink.' She was a being to be led, not to lead; and, like the vine that clings to the tree, she fell with the overthrow of what she leaned upon. It was not so much bodily anguish, as a stricken heart that was wasting her; or, rather, we should say, her debility had its origin more in a suffering mind and wounded love, than in the derangement or imbecility of the physical organs. Her recovery depended solely upon the renovation of her heart; could there, then, be hope? Ellen believed so, and she sought, and successfully sought, to inspire the spirit of her faith into the breast of her parent—for where is the heart that will not drink in this elixir of life?

Ellen Clifford, the young heroine of our tale, was a rare combination of excellence, both mental and moral. She united the pleasant humor of her father and the tenderness of her mother, with a strength and capacity of mind possessed by neither. Her passion for knowledge in no situation of life could have been fully gratified, but in the sphere in which she was placed it was only tantalized.

It is related of the excellent Hannah Adams that her earliest conceptions of heaven, were as of a place where her thirst for knowledge

would be satisfied. Akin to that meek spirit of wisdom was our young Ellen; her facilities for acquiring instruction were limited to the district school, and the few books that patronizing friends procured for her; but these opportunities were not neglected, and at the age of fourteen, she was decidedly the best educated young girl in the village, notwithstanding there were among them several boarding-school graduates, accomplished in dancing French waltzes, and painting winged cupids.

Clement Caldwell, a young lad of the neighborhood, whose father was wealthy and generous, (a rare combination of qualities,) had proved himself a zealous patron of the fair student, and his books, globes, maps, and whatever else pertained to scientific instruction, were always at her service, with his own personal assistance as oft as opportunity would permit. Clement's father, too, opened his own library and bade her welcome; and, in former days, this little paradise, as she called it, formed the home of her leisure hours; but now her mother's illness prevented this indulgence, and the privation was alleviated by Clement's daily supply of books brought to her own apartment.

Till within a month past, Clifford had supplied his family with the most indispensable comforts of life ; but a protracted carousal of several weeks had exhausted the shallow depths of his purse, and, in the mèanwhile, his dependant household were fed by charity. Blessed be God, 'charity never faileth!' At this era of their misfortunes, Ellen formed a project of alleviating them by her own exertions. She possessed that most important element of education—self-knowledge ; and knowing her high gifts and sources of influences, wisely resolved to make an advantageous use of them. At all events, a trial, even if unsuccessful, would be better than a listless submission to want, and might result in important benefits, both to herself and parents. Her project is unfolded in the following relation of a conversation with her generous patron, Mr. Caldwell.

She entered his library one day, as usual, without ceremony, and was gratified to find him there alone. He looked up with a kind welcoming smile, and asked her to take a seat with him upon the sofa.

'For once, in many months, I will accept of your kind invitation,' she replied ; 'I have come to seek your counsel and assistance ; but,

first, I will return these books to the shelves, and, with your leave, select a few others. I may forget this part of my errand if I get engaged in any "big talk."'

'That's right! I am always glad to see young ladies fond of reading. You are just like my Flora about that; frolicsome little gipsy as she is, she will sit as demure as an old maid all day over a book or gazette. What are these books you have been reading, and how do they suit your taste?'

'They are, sir, "Paradise Lost," "The Lady of the Lake," and Bryant's Poems—enumerating them in the order in which they stand in public opinion; but to stand in the order in which my taste would place them, they must be reversed.'

'And poor Milton be thrown in the background!'

'Ah! Mr. Caldwell, I knew you would say that—and I am almost ashamed of my temerity in betraying my solitary taste. But truth, even if simple, is better than affectation; and, therefore, I will confess that there are but two scenes in all this poem that will be long treasured in my memory, because they, alone, have

touched my heart—Eden and its inmates before and after the transgression.'

'The domestic scenes, Miss Ellen; that shows the true woman—I like that! But does not Milton show himself a master here?'

'O, yes, sir, he does! Whatever is his subject, he is master of it; but I cannot like so much intrigue of evil spirits, so much horrid imagery, such deformities and tortures, such pride and malignity. Powerful in delineation and rich in ideality as it is, I do not *love* "Paradise Lost;" I prefer less imagination and more nature. I know it may be said that these personified vices and evil passions of humanity may be reduced to mere abstract qualities, and that then they will be but representations of reality, of nature; but Milton has so lucidly, so palpably embodied them, and made them actors in such vivid, almost visible scenes, that to divest them of their personal identity seems a sort of metamorphosis that few would be guilty of, even if they possessed the requisite mental concentration. I like "The Lady of the Lake;" it is a poetic romance of exceeding interest, and for sweetness of description is quite unequalled in my limited sphere of reading; the conclusion, too—was there ever any-

thing more beautiful? But still I love Bryant best; he is a *home*-poet, his flowers are our flowers, and his vales and rivers are ours. He revels not in gorgeous visions of the imagination, but stoops to the violet and the dew-drop, listens to the flow of the fountain and the song of the wild bird, and watches over the waking of the stars and the death of the flowers. The pathos and poetry of his descriptions are actually surprising, considering their perfect fidelity—their minute, unequivocal truth.'

'Your taste is excellent, Miss Ellen; it is pure and feminine—not altogether accordant with my own in every particular, but more natural and unsophisticated. Here is a volume you will like; poems by Felicia Hemans, the most delicately imaginative, the most accomplished of poets, and what is still better, one of your own sex.'

'Thank you, it is a prize I have coveted much; but we have wandered into such a garden of poetry I had quite forgotten the object of my visit. You are, I believe, the school agent for this district; have you yet engaged a teacher for the approaching term?'

'No, my dear, I have not.'

'Perhaps you will think I have a deal of as-

surance to propose to engage in such a task myself, but if you do not think the idea too obviously preposterous, will you have the kindness to hear my little plan ?'

'Certainly, and assist you in it with all my heart.'

'You know, sir, my circumstances; you know my father's—misfortune, my mother's ill health, Viola's helplessness; I, alone, of all the family am competent to combat resolutely the trials of our poverty. I have health, and a disposition to be useful; but I know of but one way, one practicable method of becoming so; for although I am in the enjoyment of good health, my constitution has been never strong, and, of all things in the world, an incessant application to needle-work is the most wearing. I cannot engage in any occupation that would call me altogether from home, and there seems, indeed, nothing left for me but a school. Diligent study, and an unremitting devotedness to my task, may give me some claim to success.'

'I have no doubt, Miss Ellen, but your qualifications are fully adequate to the task. One half of a teacher's success depends upon her talent for discipline; decision and perseverance, a sweet, unruffled temper, and a dignity and

tenderness of manner, are very requisite to win the love and command the obedience of her pupils; but though you possess these qualifications in an eminent degree, still you will have trials such as you may not dream of now. There is apt to be, among ordinary scholars, a jealousy and envy of their teacher's favor, and it is a very difficult matter to preserve a strict impartiality toward those whose characters and tempers are dissimilar. There will be much rudeness and vulgarity, and wanton mischief to be encountered in such a medley of uneducated and profane children; your devotional feelings will be often shocked, and your delicacy wounded; you will find many refractory and rebellious spirits to deal with, and it will be not infrequently necessary to inflict chastisement of some kind, which, judging from your lenity and tenderness of heart, will be a trial of no ordinary severity. I do not mention these facts to discourage, but rather to caution you—to prepare your mind for difficulties that will be unavoidable, and are only to be conquered by much firmness and patient attention.'

'I have thought of these things, Mr. Caldwell. My experience as a scholar has given me some knowledge of the trials of a teacher.

Nothing but stern necessity would have induced me, at this early age, to engage in such an important and perplexing occupation as the instruction of children so neglected in their habits and uncultured in dispositions as are usually huddled together in our district schools. But with your permission, sir, I will make one trial; and if I fail, that God who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will, in some other way, provide for me.'

CHAPTER IV.

'Of winning speech, endearing, artless, kind,
The loveliest pattern of a female mind;
Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest,
With all her native heaven within her breast;
So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within;
Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost becomes excess.'

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

'WHERE are you bound this cold night?' inquired Mrs. Clifford of Ellen, who was wrapping her cloak about her, as though bent upon some out-door expedition.

'To widow Moran's, mamma. I fear I shall not find the poor woman alive. Clement told me this morning that she could not linger many hours, and I should have been down there before this, had there been any one to leave with you. Now papa has come I cannot delay. Some one must care for poor Kathleen.'

'You will not go alone, Ellen?' said Clifford.

'Why not, papa? The moon is bright, so that I shall not fear, though the way be long and lonely. I shall not be like to encounter

any person, unless it be some one abroad on the same mission.'

'Bring me my coat, and I will go with you to help you through the drifts. Viola will take care of her mother and tend the fire while we are gone—will you not, dear?'

'Mamma sick—Viola 'fraid.'

'Viola's right, papa. Mamma is too sick to be left with her. You must suffer me to go alone; I am not in the least fearful of any danger, and I may find some one there to return with me. If I find Mrs. Moran dead, I shall bring Kathleen home with me.'

'To starve, Ellen?' said Mrs. Clifford.

'No, mamma—a brighter day, a day of plenty is about dawning upon us. Kathleen is a very capable, a very industrious little girl; she will quite earn her living with us, and while I am engaged in my school her services will be indispensable.'

'Do as you will,' said her father, 'you are a saving angel. Go to the widow's cottage—I will sit at the window and watch your progress over the plain—a better Father will be your guardian through the woods beyond. Return as soon as possible, as your mother will die of her fears.'

The intrepid girl set forward on her mission of charity through the deep snow that had fallen during the night previous, and still lay unbroken in her path, save by a solitary sleigh-track that had been cut through by Clement in the morning. Our readers may marvel that her father, after expressing so much anxiety for her safety, did not offer to take the errand upon himself; but Clifford was too sensible of his inadequacy to the office of a spiritual comforter, to feel any inclination to tender his services in the stead of a being so perfectly fitted to the task as his daughter Ellen.

It was a long half-mile to Mrs. Moran's dwelling, and the road lay through a dense evergreen woodland, whose solemn shadows the superstitious villagers peopled with imaginary banditti and impalpable spirits of darkness. Ellen was human enough to feel a slight timidity in venturing through this solitary path, but this very weakness added to the virtue of her unconquerable enterprize.

A faint light was glimmering through the windows of the hut, (for the habitation was little better,) when Ellen emerged from the wood into the glen path that led to it. She opened the door very carefully into the narrow

entry way, and almost before she crossed the threshold the inner door was swung out, and Clement met her with a lighed candle.

'Here all alone, Ellen? it is too late—Mrs. Moran is dead.'

'I feared so, poor woman! Was you with her at the last?'

'Yes; I have been here since four o'clock, she died about six. Come in, Ellen, and speak to poor Kathleen.'

The little girl was lying on the bed, with her arms clasped about her mother's neck, and her head resting upon her bosom. Her mellow Irish voice was poured forth in the most passionate exclamations.

'Wake! darlint mother, wake! Can ye not hear your Kathleen's call? Wake, and answer me! I am alone, swate mother, alone, alone. Come back to your waping orphan! come back to the babe of your boosim—darlint mother, come!'

'Kathleen, dear Kathleen, your mother is sleeping quietly now; you cannot wake her again. Come sit with me and we will talk of her.'

The young creature sprang joyfully into her arms. 'Miss Ellen I'm glad ye've come to

wake her. She slapes too still, too coold. Poor mother! how pale her chake looks! and her lips so white, and her eyes so dape! wake her, swate Ellen.'

'I cannot wake her, poor child! she will never wake again on earth. She is dead, Kathleen; she must be laid in the low bed where your father sleeps.'

The poor girl looked up steadfastly one moment in her face, and then threw her arms convulsively about her neck, exclaiming, 'It can't be so! Clement said so—but it can't be! it can't be!' Ellen soothed her by the gentlest caresses, and comforted her by those simple gospel assurances that the youngest intelligence can comprehend and measurably appreciate.

'Ellen,' said Clement at length, 'it grows late, and what is to be done? Though my parents are absent I can take Kathleen home with me, to stay with sister Flora—but will it be proper to leave Mrs. Moran here alone?'

'I am but a poor counsellor, Clement; yet, as there is none better at hand, I may venture to suggest what seems to me most practicable. Kathleen will return with me—for my home is to be, henceforth, hers,—I will consult my father and mother, and if they consent, the re-

mains of her parent shall be removed there also, though perhaps not till morning. If we fasten the door nothing can be apprehended for her safety. No person can have any inducement to molest the relicts of a woman so worthy of respect in life as good Mrs. Moran ; and our presence, nor the presence of any mortal, can be longer serviceable to her. Do you approve of this arrangement ?'

'I cannot devise any better. At all events, such matters require older heads than ours. If you will wrap the little girl in warm garments, that she need not suffer from the keen air, I will carry her in my arms through the deepest drifts.'

Warm garments in that abode of poverty were not abundant; but a tattered lambskin cloak was taken from the body of Mrs. Moran, where it could no longer impart warmth, and in this the passive creature was enveloped to be borne forever from her now desolated home. The young friends had a tedious walk through the snow, with their helpless burden, but they found Mr. Clifford awaiting them with a cheerful fire and other comforts that were seldom afforded in the dwelling which his excesses despoiled. The correctness of his deportment since the night when his raving appetite wrought such misery to

himself and family, had excited hopes of his reformation even in his own bosom. He was observed to walk with hurried step and averted head past the seducing dram-shop ; his dissolute companions were avoided, and his daily labors accelerated and prolonged. Ellen was full of faith, and even Mrs. Clifford was reviving upon a faint hope.

Mr. Caldwell, ever watchful to promote the happiness of this family, suffered no interval of Clifford's sobriety to pass, without presenting encouragements to its continuance. His daily wages were promptly and liberally awarded, domestic physical comforts were abundantly supplied to his household, the most friendly and solicitous regard for his welfare was openly and frankly expressed, and the most serious and flattering enticements were set forth to restrain him from sinful deviations. Neither provoked nor discouraged by the frequent failure of his experiments at reforming the unfortunate man, Mr. Caldwell had been never so zealously active in his exertions as at the existing period. There was something so noble and so sincere in his perseverance, that Clifford's heart was touched, and the man, whom in the pique of a repulsed

demand of appetite, he had denounced a 'miserly rascal,' he was beginning to regard as his faithful and interested friend.

CHAPTER V.

'O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly!' BURNS.

'I DECLARE, I don't wonder Clifford is discouraged. Who ever heard of sich a thing as their taking home that 'ere Irish brat, poverty-struck as they be? It's all Miss Ellen's doins, I'll warrant. Just as much judgment as she has. I wonder they will allow her to have all the management at home. I don't know what the world's a-coming to, if *children's* to be at the head of affairs.' Aunt Tabby snuffed up her nose, and tossed back her head, looking very like meditating a revolt, as she concluded this spirited ebullition of long pent up indignation against the juvenile tribe.

Aunt Tabby was a 'poor relation' of Mr. Caldwell, and made his house her home. She was a spinster of about forty-five, very much given to tattling and fault-finding, bitterly opposed to children and young people, a harsh condemner of gaiety, and in her own manners most

scrupulously prudish. With such distinct characteristics it cannot be supposed that Aunt Tabby and Flora could dwell together in perfect unity. Indeed, Flora never wished any better frolic than to tease Aunt Tabby and provoke her petulance in every possible way. She would always laugh a great deal longer, and say a great many more giddy things in her presence than elsewhere, and the more the one scolded, the louder the other laughed.

'I declare,' (the preface of all Aunt Tabby's positions) 'I declare,' said she, 'I don't believe Flora ever will be anything but a flirt. There's no stability nor soberness in her. She's a spilt child completely. If she's mine, I'd give her *one* lesson; but somehow or nuther folks can't see nothing wrong in their own brats. Now Clement's quite different. He shows some respect to age—not that *I* am *old*, though,' she added, recollecting herself—'but then he don't think himself so much wiser than them that's come to the perfect stature of wisdom, I reckon. He'll be considerable of a man if he ever gets to be one.'

'So shall I, Aunt Tabby, be considerable of a woman if I ever get to be one,' said Flora.

'No, you won't neither. There ant stock

nor substance enough in you to make a woman.'

'O, well then, may be I shall make an old maid.'

This was touching Aunt Tabby upon a peculiarly sensitive point, and she winced at the stroke. 'I tell ye if you live to all etarnity you'll never be an old maid—you're a great deal too shallow-pated. You'll take up with your first offer if it's from a *non compos*, and that's what *some* are wise enough not to do, I hope.'

'I rather guess you will "take up" with *your* first offer, Aunt Tabby.'

'I guess, Miss Flora, I've had more offers *a' ready* than you'll ever have.'

'O, I've no doubt of it all. If I accept of my first offer, as you say, I shall not, of course, be troubled with any more. Now please tell me, how many offers *have* you had, Aunt Tabby?'

This question, as was intended, restored the equilibrium of her temper immediately; and Flora listened so attentively to her daily repeated enumeration of her conquests over the hearts of men, that she quite stole her good graces ere she was aware. Ever after, when

she found she had excited too much anger, she had a ready pacific in the subject of Aunt Tabby's offers.

The only subject upon which Clement and Aunt Tabby seriously disagreed was Ellen Clifford. 'She'll ruin the family entirely,' persisted the spinster, 'she's so extravagant—so would be *ladyfied*.'

'For *extravagance* substitute *benevolence*, and for all the *would be's* understand *realities*, and then you'll have it, Aunt Tabby. As for this affair of her taking charge of a poor little orphan girl, who had no home nor kindred upon the wide earth, it is a christian deed which I am sure *Aunt Tabby* will not but admire and approve.'

'Why, to be sure,' she replied, flattered by this allusion to her piety, 'to be sure it's a kindness to the girl, but it's no kindness to her parents, I judge.'

'O, Kathleen will be no expense to them. There are many benevolent persons who will gladly assist them in providing for her, and she will, besides, be a great help to Mrs. Clifford while Ellen is at school.'

'Well, I don't see as there is any arguin' with you about Ellen Clifford. You'll never

give up that she does anything wrong. She's a nice pleasant, modest girl, I know, but she's amazin' imprudent about some things. Now speakin' about 'em has put it into my head that I ought to call down and see how Miss Clifford is to-day. I never forget my duty to visit the poor.'

It was very true, what Aunt Tabby said—she never forgot to *visit* the poor, but she did forget or neglect, to aid and encourage them. Her visits were usually paid for the purpose of prying into their concerns, and reprimanding them for their imprudence and improvidence. She gave them an abundance of advice, but very little tangible assistance. Mrs. Clifford was favored with more of these visits than she desired; and though she could not avoid laughing, it was with no very pleasurable emotions that she heard Viola exclaim, 'Aunt Tabby's coming! Aunt Tabby! Viola run hide!' The little girl always made it a point to flee from her presence, as though she were a viper. She could not withstand the scowl of her sharp gray eye, and the harsh tones of her imperative voice.

'Well, Miss Clifford, how's you're health

to-day ?' said the visitor as she stalked into the apartment where Mrs. Clifford was sitting at her work-table.

'It is improving, I thank you.'

'Glad to hear it—you'll never be well, tho', while you keep to work after this fashion. Lay abed, lay abed, Miss Clifford, till you're *well.*'

'I find, Aunt Tabby, it agrees with me much better to exercise.'

'No such thing—you'll never be well till you lay aside work and keep easy, and not have the children botherin' you all the time. Send 'em off to school ; it's the best way to get rid on 'em.'

'O, no : I cannot possibly spare them. Instead of being a trouble, they are a great blessing to me. I could not get along at all without them.'

'You never ought to've let Ellen leave you. It's just the way with mothers now-a-days. When I was young, children didn't have their own ways as they do now. For my part, after I was ten years old I thought it my duty to take care of my parents, instead of running away to get money to rig myself out in.'

It was with my consent and encouragement

that Ellen engaged in the school; and, so far from having her own personal gratification in view, she is toiling solely for the benefit of her parents. Heaven could not give me a greater blessing than she is.'

'Well, now tell me, Miss Clifford, how under the sun you're goin' to bring up that 'are little pauper girl? Folks 'll get tired o' helping you a great while to feed and clothe her, and then she'll be left all on your own hands.'

'Well, Aunt Tabby, while I have a crumb myself I will divide it with those who are needy. Kathleen will, in a few years, be able to provide for herself, if necessary. At all events when we cannot longer give her a home with us, it will be soon enough to seek out another for her.'

'I've no objections to your takin' care on her, on'y I like to see folks show some prudence.'

'I fear niggardliness is sometimes mistaken for prudence, madam. "Blessed are the merciful," said Jesus, "for they shall obtain mercy." We hope to inherit the promise, Miss Tabby.'

We read in the holy scripture, too, that "charity begins at home." Now it's my opin-

ion that you'll wear your husband clean out by drawin' so many burdens upon him. I should think a sick wife and two young girl children was enough for a workin'-man to maintain without any more. I declare it *is* discouraging to have sich a family !'

'Our opinions differ upon that point, madam. Human nature exalts itself in proportion to the responsibilities that are laid upon it. It is for this reason that so many wild, reckless young men become sober, faithful, dignified fathers. They feel the importance of their office, and they have pride to prove themselves capable of faithfully discharging its duties.'

'Well, I didn't come down here to argur with you. Every one to their own way. I never meddle with other folk's affairs, for I've enough of my own to attend to ; but I always take the liberty of givin' folks that ha'n't no better counsellor, a leetle hulsom advice, when I see 'em runnin' down hill to ruin. I have the consolation of knowin' I've done my duty if it don't do nobody no good. I'll run down now and see old blind Harris and his wife. Remember what I tell you, Miss Clifford, lay aside that work !'

Mrs. Clifford bowed her head and quietly continued her industry, while Aunt Tabby proceeded on her way 'doin' her duty' by faulting her neighbors, and giving them 'a leetle hulsom advice.'

CHAPTER VI.

'The souls of idiots are of the same piece with those of statesmen. But now and then nature is at fault, and this good guest of ours takes soil in an imperfect body, and so is slackened from showing her wonders, like an excellent musician, which cannot utter himself upon a defective instrument.' LORD BACON.

THERE is consolation, if not truth, in this theory of the philosopher, and when the secret and mysterious operations of Providence are remembered, and the impartial benevolence of the Creator enters a verdict in favor of its probability, there seems little difficulty in believing the aphorism correct. As the heart derives its sins and weaknesses from its connection with physical existence, why may not the mind, perfect, and acutely susceptible in its distinct being, ascribe its apparent imbecility to the impotency of its organic revelations?

Ellen loved to believe, when gazing upon the sweet countenance of her little sister, that within that snowy brow dwelt an intelligence unknown, unrevealed to the world. Sometimes the vacant expression of her black eye would give place to a transient scintillation of intellect,

that could never have beamed from a mind constituted in darkness; and the very habits of the gentle creature's existence, confirmed the fond impression. In the season of flowers, from the dawn to the wane of day, she might be found in the midst of them, twining the sweetest in her hair, and weeping over those which were crushed and faded, as though they were a kindred race. Moonlight was her element—the murmur of flowing water, her music and her poetry.

Her attachment to Kathleen Moran, from the hour when that young orphan became an inmate of the same dwelling, was the rivet of her social nature. Kathleen was a year or two her junior, sweet tempered and warm hearted, single in her affections, and possessed of the most winning simplicity of manners. Her sorrows and misfortunes called forth all the sympathizing love of Viola's heart, and her dependance seemed to awaken feelings of guardianship and responsibility that were as a new gift of hope, a new dawn of being in one heretofore so helpless and dependant herself.

These tender children were most of the time employed in braiding straw, an occupation both useful and agreeable to them. They seldom

failed of realizing a profit of a ninepence daily from their tasks, and this sum was sufficient to supply all their wants.

Ellen's school was commenced in April, and prospered beyond her anticipations. Mrs. Clifford's health had so improved that she required no more attendance than Kathleen and Viola faithfully bestowed ; and all the necessary domestic labor, Ellen found ample time to perform before school hours in the morning. Mr. Clifford, who was employed upon Mr. Caldwell's farm, always dining with his fellow laborers at the farm-house, a dinner of bread and milk, or other food equally simple, served very comfortably for the other members of the family. Her evenings were devoted to needlework, study, and the instruction of Kathleen and Viola. Thus passed the days in usefulness and comparative happiness.

A bright face peeped in at Ellen's schoolroom, just as she had dismissed her school on the evening of the last day in April, and a sprightly voice was heard singing—

'Alone, alone ! the birds all flown
Away from the cherishing breast—
A loving mate, thrusts in her pate
To ask a place in the nest.'

'And a place there is all ready for you, dear Flora. What is the news? Something good, I'll warrant, from the glistening eyes and bounding step.'

'My best obeisance to thee, fair pedagoguess. Brother Clement has made me his ambassadress, and desires me to negotiate with thee, for thy attendance at our May-morning festival, to be held in honor of the arrival of Queen Flora, my royal godmother, to whom I pay most respectful fealty, and whose gracious name I most humbly bear. What says Mistress Ellen to the proposition?'

'That I most cheerfully accede to it, if I may have the privilege of bringing a full suite—Viola, Kathleen, and all my young pupils.'

'That's a bright thought, Ellen. What a merry party it will be! I'll run home instantly, and prepare Clement for this brilliant accession to our levee. Be ready at five in the morning, Clement and I will call for you at that hour.' The vivacious girl was out of sight in a moment, and Ellen took the opposite direction to her own home.

The morning proved beautiful—warm and clear, fresh and fragrant—full of melody, and

joy, and hope. Precisely at the appointed hour the whole party were assembled at the base of a low, wood-crowned eminence, upon whose summit was erected a throne, for the fair May Queen, whose claim to royalty was to result from her success in finding the first flower.

The joyous party proceeded to climb the hill, searching as they went among the dry grass for violets, anemones, and cinquefoils—or even the tiny Venus' pride—anything that could entitle them to the floral crown. Three or four little girls clustered about Ellen, clinging to her dress, and nearly impeding her footsteps, promising, if either found the first flower, it should be given to the 'school-mistress,' because she knew better how to be queen than they did.

'Regality is not often so freely relinquished,' said Ellen. 'Do you imagine the young princess Victoria would waive her claim to England's crown so cheerfully ?'

This question excited their childish curiosity to know more of the Princess, and while Ellen was gratifying them in her kind and instructive manner, Clement came running toward her with a long wreath of the trailing arbutus, the earliest and sweetest of spring's daughters.

'The crown is mine, till I bestow it upon one more worthy,' cried he, 'and that is my friend Ellen, if she will accept it. Flora's realm acknowledges no male sovereign, you know.'

'But can you not find a better substitute? There is your sister Flora—her name gives her a title to it.'

'Yes, but she bade me yield it to you.'

'Not till you solicited the privilege though, Clement,' said his roguish sister. 'I was, however, on the point of advising you to it, so you need not blush like a holyhock.'

The whole party now clustered round her majesty elect with acclamations of joy, crying, 'long live Queen Ellen!' whilst Clement, all life and animation, led them to what he called the royal palace, just in the border of the woodland, where he had fitted up a throne, and canopied it with boughs of evergreen. To this seat he conducted Ellen, blushing like a young rose at her thickly crowding honors, and taking the chaplet which Flora had woven of gaultheria and arbutus flowers, he bound it round her brow.

'I will be the first to pay the tribute of allegiance to the fair sovereign,' said he, bending

one knee to the turf at her feet, and with a playful gallantry pressing her hand to his lips.

'Oh Clement! Clement! cannot you tie a stronger love-knot than that!' exclaimed Flora, picking from the ground the coronal of flowers which had fallen from Ellen's head. 'Shame on you! I can do better myself.' She twined the wreath again securely among Ellen's tresses, and drawing her scissors from her belt, slily dissevered one long, fair curl, and bore it triumphantly to her brother. 'You have read the tale of the 'Lady of the Beautiful Tresses,' Clement, and you remember how every solitary hair had power to fetter a mighty genie—not less potent will be this ringlet, I predict, in chaining your heart, dear brother. Wear it on your breast, Clement—it will be a charm to keep away evil spirits,' said she, twining it playfully around his vest-button.

'How could you be so naughty! Flora,' remonstrated Ellen; 'do chide her, Clement, for her audaciousness.'

'Indeed, I have not the heart to rebuke a deed that has acquired me so precious a treasure,' was the gallant reply. 'I will, however, forbid its repetition.'

'Rather selfish in the exercise of your authority, Sire Regent,' replied the gay Flora; 'as much as to say, I'll see that no other person shares in the treasure!'

The sun having by this time made a very visible ascension in the heavens, the company were invited to partake of a collation, which had been provided by Clement with much taste and hospitality, and soon after, descending the hill, they returned in small divisions to their separate homes.

CHAPTER VII.

'And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and *wine* are in their feasts.' ISAIAH.

'WILL you be at Wilson's to night, Clifford ?'

'No, Turner ; I'm engaged elsewhere.'

'Pshaw ! have you no more patriotism than that ? What ! not join in a celebration of one of the greatest political victories ever achieved in our country—your own party, too ? really, I thought you had more spirit. Come, come, don't be squeamish about your *engagement*—go to Wilson's to night.'

'Is there to be much of a company ?'

'Yes, the whole democratic town, honorables and all. A speech, too, is expected from Judge E., in his usual style ; the fact is, Clifford, you *must* go.'

'Well, I'll think of it.'

This conversation was held with one of the most steadfast companions of his dissipation, whom, till this fortuitous encounter, he had not met for the last two months. Better for the

rectitude of his ways had the separation been even longer. But there were friends still watching over him in his danger, reaching out a strong arm to save. Scarcely had he parted from Turner, when he met Clement Caldwell just returning from the May party.

'Jerry is quite sick to-day, Mr. Clifford.'

'Doesn't he improve at all?'

'I fear not. Father was up with him all night, and till his fever turns, he probably will be no better. I am going down to the farm-house to stay with him through the day, and shall want you to watch with him to-night, if you can.'

'To-night, Clement? I'm sorry. I have an engagement to-night.'

'Not at Wilson's, I hope.'

'Why not? You don't approve, I suppose, of our celebrating the downfall of your party.'

'My party? I belong to no party, Mr. Clifford. Besure my father is a whig, but if my sentiments incline either way, they are in favor of Jackson's administration. I have other reasons than political prejudices to desire you to keep away from Wilson's to-night. Does not your own prudence suggest them?'

Clifford blushed and hung his head. 'What would you have me do, Clement? If I keep away from the dinner they will call me a dunce, a poltroon, and every other contemptuous name in the vocabulary—and if I go, why I know as well as you do that I shall be weak enough to make a fool of myself.'

'And yet, Mr. Clifford, you cannot decide which disgrace to choose! Who will call you a dunce or a poltroon?'

'Why, Turner and twenty others who belong to the party; or, if not a dunce, they will call me a whig, which is the same thing.'

'O, no, Mr. Clifford, you do not mean as you say. There are as many men good, wise and true, in one party as in the other, I believe. But what will be the reproaches of Turner and 'twenty others,' compared with the stings of your conscience, the tears and regrets of your family, broken resolutions, withered hopes, ruin, despair, death! Pause, Mr. Clifford, I entreat, I beg of you, pause and reflect. I appeal to your reason—is it not better to be called a fool by the voice of fools, (for no man of wisdom would call you such,) than to make yourself one by your own follies?'

'I acknowledge the truth and force of your reasoning, Clement, but why should I be debarred from participating in a festival where the most honorable and reputable men in town are to meet for patriotic purposes? Their presence may restrain me from excesses, or, if they drink long life to democracy, why may not I? There is no use in being more temperate than Judge Elliot and Dr. Rogers.'

'I seriously believe you are wrong, sir. I do not desire to impeach the sobriety of any gentleman who may be present at this dinner, but I know that such meetings are not often conducted with strict propriety. Elated by party triumphs, a crowd meet for the professed purpose of celebrating the defeat of despotism, the victory of honest principle, and fifty other purposes of nominal patriotism; office-seekers, demagogues and whatnots make violent harangues upon the corruptions and usurpation of the opposing party, concluding with some exciting popular sentiment which must be honored by a hearty bumper; party officers are toasted; national and bacchanalian songs are preludes to the champaigne bottle, and thus the treat goes on till every stomach is satiated, and

every head is giddy with exhilaration, if not inebriation. Such, Mr. Clifford, is the *usual* conduct of such festivals. Think what temptations will be placed in your way—think of the disgrace, the contrition, the sorrow, the despair that will result from your yielding to them, and then decide whether prudence, whether duty will suffer you to join in the celebration.'

'Duty to what, Clement? Surely, duty to my country demands some expression of thanksgiving for a victory like this. Duty to myself is a secondary consideration.'

'But permit me to inquire, sir, how much country or party is honored by all these acclamations of intoxication, and patriotic sentiments pledged in the inebriating cup? And to whom should gratitude be rendered for the good which is brought about by this political change; not to the people, certainly, for they are the recipients, not the creators of the good. It is to God—the great originator of all revolutions—and is he, Mr. Clifford,—I appeal to your reason, and your conscience—is he to be praised in songs of revelry, is his incense to be the breath of brutal degradation, and his sacrifice the virtue, the sobriety, the wisdom of his creatures?'

'Pshaw! Clement, you talk as grave as a parson. What have political victors to do with devotional praise? We leave such duties to the clergy?'

'And there is where you err, sir. Are the clergy the only people on earth accountable to God? are they more his children, or are they more deeply indebted to him than other of his creatures? If not, why is it thought sufficient that they alone are allegiant to his grace? Men are prone to think there is something too serious for them in religious acknowledgments; but if their gratitude be deep and serious, so should its expression be. It is every man's duty to be accountable to his Maker, and he who enters most deeply into the confidence of his God, most clearly evinces his affinity with him, and his own consequent dignity. But you will call this all prating piety. Let me beg of you then to think of your wife, wearing out in sorrow and hope deferred, of Ellen, spending her youth in oppressive toil for her livelihood, of Viola and Kathleen, so utterly dependant—think of all these, and then decide which is to be preferred, their happiness, or your own sensual gratification?'

'I will have resolution once, my dear young friend. I will not be at Wilson's to-night. I'll go and watch with poor Jerry; there will be more virtue if less pleasure in that.'

'There will be more *pleasure* of the right kind, Mr. Clifford, a vast deal more, I predict.'

Clifford adhered to his resolution through the day, but when evening came, and he heard the rolling carriages, the shouts and laughs and hurried steps of people thronging to the feast, and saw the gleaming lights flashing brilliantly from the windows of the festival hall, temptation again assailed him. 'Is it not cowardly in me,' thought he, 'to fear to trust myself in the presence of the wine-bottle? have I not strength of mind to restrain my appetite? alas! experience, how humiliating is thy answer. O, must I, can I live in this degrading servitude—chained by duty or debased by appetite? How bitter, how wearisome is life! Is there no way to end it? Yes! my own hand can do it, I had almost said *shall* do it? What crime would it be? No loss to my family, no loss to the world—and a gain, yes, a *gain* to myself. It will be better than to live a sot—better than this

devouring thirst, this unconquerable passion for moral death. I will do it!'

While the unhappy man is indulging in this wild, impassioned soliloquy, we have occasion to change the scene to a small bed-room in his own dwelling. It was about the hour of eight, and Viola and Kathleen, wearied with their tedious walk in the morning, had retired to bed. Kathleen was locked in slumber; Viola was sitting, wakeful as the sleepless poet, close at her side, listening all enraptured to the melting music of a vicinal brook.

The window, which had been opened in the morning to ventilate the apartment, being shaded by a thick curtain, had escaped Ellen's notice when she waited on the little girls to rest, and Viola, who alone observed it, being too much rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded her of enjoying the melody of the water, and the pure company of the moonlight, purposely forbore to mention it.

She lay silent, and apparently asleep, till Kathleen's deep respiration assured her there was little to fear from her observation, and then rising from her pillow and listening a few moments to the alluring voice of the liquid ele-

ment, stepped lightly upon the floor, and throwing a little flannel shawl over her shoulders, drew aside the curtain and gazed out upon the ethereal moonlight, veiling in its pure transparency the tender dew-gemmed verdure of the wild shrubbery that bordered the swollen brook, and resting like the smile of a seraph upon the translucent waves that rolled up against the pebbly shore with a retiring murmur, and then, breaking into tiny fragments, fell upon the ear like the gurgling melody of many successive keytones.

Viola's eye brightened, her cheek glowed with the blush of excitement, and her coral lips parted in a smile of deep and holy delight. At such times her mental infirmity seemed rather lunacy than idiocy, and her ideas, so far as related to their minuteness of perception, and their utter absence of earthliness, were of perfect fairy-like delicacy. The window from which she was gazing was large and very low—scarcely two feet from the ground, and opening upon a bank of soft earth. Incited by an irresistible impulse, Viola crept cautiously out upon the grassy slope, and, gliding like an air-sprite to the banks of her favorite stream, she secreted

herself in the recess of a rock—a sort of miniature grotto, tapestried with a budding clematis —and seating herself upon the earth, and drawing her little naked feet beneath her night-dress, she reclined her head upon her knee, and abandoned herself to her mystic reveries.

Her ear soon caught the sound of a hurried footstep, which continued to approach till it rested quite at her side. Believing it to be some one in pursuit of herself, she remained as silent and motionless as the rock which surrounded her.

A few words were indistinctly murmured, and in them she recognized the voice of her father. His language soon became more distinct and coherent.

'Pure element of life, I have turned from thee in times past as a fool turns from wisdom. In the cup of death I have sought the elixir of human enjoyment. Poor simpleton that I was! that cup has been the poison of my earthly bliss—the pollution of my very heartsprings, and now I have come to thee for the last, the only remedy. I will baptize myself in thy waves; thou shalt be the cleansing Jordan to my soul—in thy crystal depths I will lie me

down and die. Alas! what will become of my poor wife, of Ellen, of Kathleen, and dear, innocent, helpless Viola? Sweet spirit of celestial purity, how hast thou loved me! in my guilt, my misery, my despair, thou hast been constant in thy affections, and most tender in thy endearments. Poor Viola! may God keep thee beneath his own arm of salvation, for I, alas! must leave thee.'

'Oh, no! papa must *not* leave poor Viola,' exclaimed she, starting from her concealment, and throwing herself at his feet. 'Viola go with papa.'

Clifford started as though an electric ray had fallen upon his heart; he retreated a few steps and fell upon his knees. The high-wrought excitement of his mind, the sinful resolution that hung upon the very point of execution, the witching hour, Viola's sudden appearance, her unique figure and her white garments, heightened in their dazzling purity by the soft moonlight which fell over them, all conspired to transfix him with appalling terror. It was some minutes before he could compose himself to address her.

'Viola!' he exclaimed at length, in a hoarse,

broken voice, 'how came you here? speak quick! how came you here?'

The little girl was terrified by his manner, and sunk in tears at his feet. 'Don't scold, dear papa! don't scold; Viola sorry.'

'Well, well, I will not scold—only tell me how you came here.'

'Don't tell mamma, nor Ellen, nor any body.'

'I will not, dear Viola, I promise you. Make haste and tell me how and why you came here.'

Viola pointed to the house. 'Viola crept out at the window.'

'How came the window open?'

'*Was* open—Ellen forgot it.'

'But why did you come here alone at this time of night?'

'Don't scold, dear papa. Viola came to hear the water sing, and see the moon laugh. Viola sorry.'

'Does any one know you are here?'

'No. Kathleen sleepy—mamma and Ellen away in parlor.'

'Well, Viola, remember what I tell you. If you let any person know what you heard me

say to-night, I will throw you into the brook. Do you understand me ?'

The little trembling creature shrieked so frightfully that her father was assured she understood the threatening, at least, very distinctly. 'Hush, hush, Viola, I will not hurt you ; only promise that you will tell no one what you heard me say.'

'Viola will not tell—Viola cannot tell.'

'That's a good girl,' he replied, kissing her pale cheek. 'Now go back to your bed—crawl in at the window without noise, and remember your promise. Remember, too, never to leave your bed at this hour, to steal out half-dressed in the chill air ; you can hear the water sing in your own room.'

'Come, papa, go home with Viola. Go see dear mamma, and dear Ellen. Don't leave poor Viola, sick mamma, tired Ellen, poor Kathleen. Come, papa.'

Clifford obeyed the call ; it seemed to him like the special salvation of Heaven. Having seen her safely into her room, and quietly composed upon her pillow, he opened the door into the apartment where sat his wife and daughter awaiting him, and requested Ellen to close the

window in Viola's bedroom, as he had noticed in passing the corner of the house that she had neglected it; then informing them of his required attendance upon poor Jerry, he took his way to the farm-house.

CHAPTER VIII.

'See the inebriate—half relents,
His drunken follies he repents,
And heeds to virtue's lore;
But, ah! that soft and soothing voice!
He stops and makes the foolish choice,
And says, "I'll taste once more."' T. FISK.

If a man can deny his appetite a month, he can deny it always—is a very common, and, at first perception, a very plausible proverb; but, nevertheless, it is an uncharitable, and an incorrect one. 'Habit is a second nature,' and derives its strength from the growth of years. Like the life-loving thistle, which, it has been remarked, will vegetate from its own ashes, habit is not to be crushed by one, or a few strokes; it is to be exterminated root and branch by patient warfare, and persevering *total* abstinence.

Habit is periodical in its demands; it has intermissions of weeks and oftentimes of months —and it is from these periodical attacks of appetite that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. No man should declare that he has

conquered his evil habits, till he has resisted the strongest and most frequent temptations.

Clifford's mind was so much confined to his attendance upon the wants and distresses of Jerry, that he had little opportunity to recur to the preceding events of the evening. His suicidal determination vanished at the moment of Viola's providential appearance—but not with it his raging thirst for the 'fiery cup.' Upon leaving the chamber Clement had purposely and carefully removed everything of an intoxicating nature, save a small quantity of brandy, with which he had directed Clifford to rub the patient's limbs occasionally during the night.

This brandy proved a tormenting fiend to him. He essayed to forget it—used it freely upon Jerry's person in hope to expend it, and was several times upon the point of throwing it upon the fire; 'but, ah! that soft and soothing voice!' there was such a very little—no one would suspect him; he had been at work so hard, and now, being deprived of his customary rest, he really *needed* it; and, besides, he had made one great sacrifice to virtue—a sacrifice that nearly cost him his life—so that verily he *deserved* it; and, moreover he thought it a

moral duty to partake of such stimulants as were demanded by the actual laws of nature. Thus foolishly reasoned, and thus weakly practised the erring man. Could he have been satisfied with this small draught all would have been well; but, instead of gratifying, it tantalized his appetite, till there seemed nothing left for him to choose but its satiety, or complete mental distraction.

He awaited with 'fear and trembling,' the tardy dawn of day—the seal of his degradation. Clement came early to relieve him, and, alarmed at his pallid countenance and the wild incoherence of his speech, advised him to go immediately home and regain the rest he had lost. Clifford availed himself of the opportunity and departed. There was little peace in Clement's mind during the six hours he presided at the sick man's bedside, and about noon, committing him to another's care, he directed his steps to Clifford's dwelling to assure himself of his safety.

He was distressed to learn that he had not been home since the preceding evening, and that his family were supposing him still at the farm-house. Mrs. Clifford and Ellen, much

alarmed, desired him to make all possible search for him, and endeavor to entice him home. His inquiries were fruitless. He only learned that, early in the morning, probably directly upon leaving the sick chamber, he had called at the grocer's and purchased a quart of rum; all further trace was lost, and his persevering young friend was left to conjecture his retreat. The barns, out-houses and fields belonging to the farm were searched in vain. Quite in despair at his ill success, he was retracing his steps through the little woodland which had been the scene of his party the day previous, just at the close of twilight, when he came suddenly upon the miserable man stretched at full length in the little arbor which had composed the May queen's seat of royalty. The bottle lay by his head quite empty, and he was sunk in a deep inebriated sleep.

'What a successor to thy throne, dear, pure-hearted Ellen!' was Clement's involuntary exclamation, 'and, oh! what misery, what sorrow has he prepared for himself and family!'

The poor wretch was utterly insensible to sound, and almost to touch. Clement was obliged to shake him quite rudely before he

could rouse him in the least, and then it was only to be appalled by his disgusting cachinnation.

Deeming it prudent to acquaint Mrs. Clifford and Ellen with his situation previous to removing him into their presence, he left him to his lethargy, and proceeded directly to the village. Ellen had just issued from the door with the intention of seeking him, and, in excessive agitation, inquired the success of his mission. He revealed to her as gently and delicately as possible, the condition in which he found her unhappy parent, and left her to prepare for his reception, while he sought the assistance of his father in removing the poor victim of self-indulgence to his own darkened home.

We pass over the wearisome details of the succeeding week; it was a period of sorrow and discouragement to his family, of shame and contrition to himself. It ended with a request that the abstinence pledge might be brought to him, and with a thrill of joy, such as never before had quickened the flow of their heart's blood, his friends witnessed the affixion of his signature.

'There!' he exclaimed, as soon as it was

done, 'isn't it an easy matter to renounce drunkenness? Clement, Ellen, all, say. How little effort was required to dash off my name upon that paper—and now how much shame and misery is spared to myself and family. Clement wasn't I a fool not to do it sooner?

'I should not like to call any person a fool, who was possessed of a spark of intelligence, Mr. Clifford; besides, I know enough of human infirmity to appreciate, in a measure, the cost of the sacrifice. I am aware, sir, that it requires stronger efforts than the pledging of one's autograph to do away with an evil habit; and I sincerely congratulate you upon your success in bringing your mind to this crisis. May your struggles for the maintenance of your liberty be as successful as those which have gained it.'

'I thank you, dear Clement; your kindness is a great consolation to me. You do not think then, that the mighty effort lies in the pledge. No, fact! there is something mightier coming after; besure, the freedom is bought, but it is to be paid for by long hours of agony and excruciating desire—perhaps by death. You may *guess* at the cost, Clement, but I *feel* it. This is no sudden resolution—it has been ripening

for weeks past. You may think I speak wildly, when you remember my late excess—but one more scene of misery, one more lesson of penitence was necessary to confirm the resolution—and oh! what distraction drove me to it. I can deny myself a few weeks without any great effort, but when appetite is once awakened, none but those who have experienced them, know anything of its pangs. Go to our public institutions of reform, our prisons and our hospitals —they will tell you how the mightiest intellects have yielded to the subtile foe—intellects that have struggled, and striven, and been mastered!'

'But Mr. Clifford, they did not strive long enough; they failed from a want of perseverance. Patient contest will prevail against the mightiest foe—*persevering* warfare will make you a victor—persevere then, my dear sir, persevere, and let the world know that the monster *can* be conquered.'

'Do not fear me—the pledge shall never be broken—sooner the silver cord of existence—sooner the hopes of eternity!'

Clifford bore the sneers and reproaches of his dram-shop associates with philosophic composure, and urged them with serious and affection-

ate earnestness to join with him in instituting a league against the artful foe of their firesides; but he pleaded in vain. A reformed drunkard is truly a *rara avis*—a new thing under the sun —and far greater in the value of his conquest is that man who subdues his passion for the bacchanalian bowl, than even the conqueror of an empire.

CHAPTER IX.

'The only sure foundation of human virtue is religion, and the foundation and first principle of religion is in the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes.' MRS. CHAPONE.

'COME, Ellen,' said her father, one Sabbath morning before the ringing of the church-bell, 'come sit down here and let us reason together. You are something of a philosopher, and a great deal of a christian; now I would ask you, has God given his children any natural appetites which it is wrong for them to measurably gratify?'

'I believe, papa, he has given them certain *kinds* of appetite to whose gratification he has affixed a penalty. At the same time that he placed in the garden of Eden the tree of forbidden fruit, he gave its occupants an appetite to partake of it. People, however, are too apt to confound the *appetites* with the laws of nature.'

'Well, Ellen, is not our appetite for food a law of our nature?'

'I think not, papa, itself a law, but connected with a law, to render obedience easy and pleasant. In this connection of pleasure and necessity we have an admirable illustration of the benevolence of our Creator. The laws of nature require obedience, and whosoever disregards them suffers the penalty. Appetites were given us to make obedience pleasant, and so long as they are faithful to these laws, so long indulgence is safe; but the moment they exceed the limits, that moment we should disclaim their guidance.'

'Then you are not an ultraist in temperance —you think we may safely indulge in moderate drinking?'

'Yes, sir, in moderate drinking of *water*, or of any simple, wholesome beverage—but not of alcoholic liquors. I believe that any appetite strictly obedient to the moral and physical laws, may be indulged in; but there is no law of our natures which requires us to make use of spirituous drinks—indeed facts prove their use to be very detrimental to our constitutions when in health.'

'Then let me ask you one question more, and if you answer it to my satisfaction you will

be wiser than I am, for it puzzles me confoundedly. Why did God give us appetites which it is unlawful for us to gratify ?'

'I think, sir, for subjects upon which to exercise our moral powers—for enemies over whom we may gain the merit of victory. He gave us reason and conscience, noble qualities of mind and heart, and in our weaknesses and wayward propensities, he gave us facilities for their exercise and development.'

'If such was the design of God in my existence, how miserably have I mistaken it. Was his purpose, then, so high, so wise, so good ? How you have exalted him in my estimation ! given me a vicious appetite that I might show my moral strength in conquering it ! made me subject to vanity that I might prove my own greatness in spurning the onerous chains ! Why did I not realize it sooner ? Alas ! when will man learn his kindred to his Maker, and feel himself his son, his image, and his heir ?'

'Not, papa, till he learns to look upon him as the Friend and Savior of sinners—not till he feels in his heart that God is not only possessed of all a parent's tenderness toward his offspring, but that that very tenderness infinitely

exceeds the fondest affection of an earthly father. Men do not look upon him enough in this relation. They see him too much in the light of an unapproachable monarch, who sits upon a throne dispensing severe laws, and whose ear is not to be bent to the simple petitions of his children. But Jesus taught his disciples to pray even for their daily bread—and there was no truth which he more earnestly sought to impress upon their hearts than the love and watchful tenderness of their common Father.'

'You're right, Ellen; there is no mistake in what you say. Mankind are too generally deceived in the character of God; they think of his sovereign power and awful majesty, but they forget that his nature is also *Love*. They have found power and might on earth united with cruelty and oppression. They think of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon as the most striking examples of earthly power and majesty—they find that they subdued by force, not by grace; and this association of might and oppression they carry from man up to his Creator; so that, instead of fearing him for his goodness, they fear him for his imagined cruelty.'

'Yes, papa; and if mankind would perceive his goodness they would not only love but serve him better. Do you not think the world very much deceived in believing sin to be more pleasant than righteousness?'

'Deceived? Yes, my love; I can attest with millions of my race, that it is the most fruitful source of misery on earth; I do not know but I may say the only source of real unchastened misery. I know from long and bitter experience that the way of the transgressor is hard—that the paths of the wicked are slippery, and I think that the truth is now so deeply impressed upon my heart that I can never again stray from rectitude with even a hope of escaping from the wretchedness that is indissolubly linked with vice.'

What a blissful hour for Ellen was this! Not only to hear her father attesting from his own experience that sin is misery, but appealing to the testimony of Scripture to confirm the truth. Clifford witnessed her silent tears of joy, and he felt what a precious reward they were for all his sacrifices.

Mrs. Clifford entered attired for church. It was the first time in many sad months that she

had been equal to the attempt. Her husband took her hand with a smile of heart-felt joy, and congratulated her upon her improvement; and passing together out of the door, they walked arm in arm to church as they had not done before for several years.

'I declare!' said Aunt Tabby, who was walking with Mrs. Caldwell a little in the rear of Clifford and his wife, 'I declare, if my husband had treated me as that sot has his wife, I'd be seen in a *pigsty* afore I'd be seen a walking to meet'n with him.'

Mrs. Caldwell calmly replied, 'If he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him.'

'Bless my stars! who *can* do it? exclaimed Aunt Tabby, opening her big black eyes, and emphasizing the question by a downward flourish of the hand.

'A christian woman like Mrs. Clifford,' was the reply; 'one who looks upon human frailties with a lenient eye, and forgives in the hope of being forgiven.'

'Well, I don't know about these things, but

I reckon wicked folks's deeds gets plastered over with a great deal too smooth mortar.'

'It is not expedient, certainly, Aunt Tabby, to conceal vices, or "plaster" them over with the gloss of virtue; but if the doctrine of forgiveness be thrown aside, mankind will soon cease to repent of their errors.'

'Well, well, if any body's disposed to repent in *arnest* it's well enough to forgive 'em, I suppose; but with Clifford it's jest as the old woman said, "sin and 'pent, 'pent and sin!" and I'm sure it's time to be discouraged with him now. He's been forgiven and forgiven, till I, for one, am tired of forgivin'. I'll resk my next offer on the bet that he breaks his pledge!'

'You'll lose! you'll certainly lose, Aunt Tabby!' cried Flora who, walking behind, had overheard her. Aunt Tabby turned about, and fixed upon her a look of the fiercest anger, which would have been followed by a volley of fiery words had not the vestibule of the church interposed.

Aunt Tabby entered with a 'screwed-up, grace-proud face,' and passed the hours of divine service in secret criticisms upon the devo-

tional appearance of each individual of the audience—secret *then*, but destined to be promulgated throughout the village during the ensuing week.

'A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty Observation;
And secret hung, with poisoned crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget showed,
Dye-varying on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
She wrapt her in *Religion*.'

CHAPTER X.

'If the canopy of heavens were a bow, and the earth the cord thereof—and if Almighty God, the tremendous and glorious, were the unerring archer, to whom could the sons of Adam flee for protection?' The Caliph Aalee answered—'The sons of Adam must flee unto the Lord.'

EASTERN METAPHOR.

At no period of her existence, perhaps, had Ellen been so happy as now. The clouds, and they were dark ones which had shadowed her early years, were breaking away from the bright sky of youth and innocence. Her labors were blessed at home and abroad, her mother had nearly regained her health and spirits, and her father, whose deviation from virtue had been the origin of all their woes, had set the seal to her happiness by a pledge of future abstinence from vice.

'I trusted in God, mamma,' said she, 'and he never fails to reward my faith.'

'Trust in him forever, Ellen,' was the reply, 'come weal, come want, come wo.' I have not given you the best lessons of submission, but you have learned them from a better teacher.

—experience. Your poor father might receive strength from such a faith.'

'Dear papa! I do think he is beginning to look in the right place for aid. I have seen him shed many tears over the Bible, and at church when declarations of pardoning love have been cited, that could only flow from depths of devotional feeling. His mind is in the most fit condition to receive abiding religious impressions, and it is natural that, having thrown off the shackles of vice and folly, it should turn to some high and holy purpose. Papa may yet become, professedly and practically, a devout christian.'

'Oh "consummation devoutly to be wished!" It were the crown of earthly hope—the success of all my prayers.'

Clifford entered at this moment, returned from his daily toils. He smiled faintly as he met their welcoming glances, and drawing a chair to the side of his wife, leaned his head on her shoulder.

'You are weary,' said she. 'You have worked too hard.'

'No it is not work—it is these everlasting blue demons that are tormenting me. Ellen, I used to have a flute; it is a long time since I

have played a note upon it—perhaps there is something in it to spirit away these dark thoughts.'

The flute was brought with much alacrity. Viola and Kathleen sat down together at his feet, and Ellen drew her chair within the circle. The soft dulcet melody of the instrument with the scarce distinguishable tones of Ellen's voice, floated upon the balmy evening air in the beautiful and subduing invitation, 'Come ye disconsolate.' Every breath was hushed, every pulse stilled—and their spirits seemed half exhaled in the ethereal melody. Clifford's power failed him—the big tears ran down his pale, worn cheeks, and his flute dropped silent from his lips. Ellen continued alone—no, not alone, for a familiar, alto voice joined in the chorus. It was Clement's. He had entered the apartment noiselessly and unobserved, and stood resting his arm upon Ellen's chair.

'Sit down, Clement; glad to see you—sit down. I have lost my wits in that witching hymn, but I must try and find them again, for I have a speech to make in the council. I'm glad you've come—you have been like a son to me, and shall share in all my confidence.

Heigho! I don't like the retrospect nor the prospect. You see my wife and Ellen 'took on so dreadfully,' as the old women say, because I made a brute of myself, that I finally thought I would try and be a man; but I find it no easy matter to humanize myself. Reason and conscience and love are pulling me one way —appetite and a beggarly pack of temptations another. Turner and his gang are full of their cajoleries—suicide haunts me, and madness gets hold on me. If I stay here two months longer, I am a ruined man!'

'Then let us go away, father,' said Ellen. 'I think it will be much better for us.'

'I think so too,' said Mrs. Clifford. 'Go where there is nothing to remind us of past sorrows—where we can hope for brighter days than are promised us here.'

'You are right,' said her husband. I did not hope to find you so ready. What say you, Clement? How like our plan of emigration?'

'Perhaps I can better answer your question, sir, when I know how far your emigrating propensity will lead you. Where will you go?'

'I will go to the wilderness, fell the forests, and forget my past life in Utopian projects. I have

for many years been wishing, but wanting resolution to go to Illinois. I begin, however, to think with Hamlet—

'What is man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused.'

'I can do little good here—I have little property—no influence. I will go where I am unknown—build up a reputable character—and with God's blessing, secure the wherewithal to feed old age.'

'I do not at all like to hear you talk of going so far away. There are many stopping places this side of Illinois, Mr. Clifford.'

'I know that very well. But I have several reasons for my preference. In the first place, I wish to hide myself a few years from the world till my good habits are established. It is my nature to be led, and the bad are always exerting an active, it seems to me a more active influence than the good of society. A wicked man will compass sea and land to make one

proselyte, and somehow or other I am always sure to fall in with him. I have heard it argued that the reason why a man of vicious propensities is more successful in assimilating characters to his own than a person of rectitude and just principle, is found in the depraved nature of the human heart, and its innate tendency to evil—but I don't believe it. I have no faith in natural depravity. In my opinion the cause lies in the more active exertions of the vicious. Sin is never passive—I am afraid virtue sometimes is. But all this has nothing to do with Illinois. I have given you one reason for making that state my destination—another is, my poverty. Land is cheaper there, and more fertile, they say. Those who have small means must make the most of them. It will cost me more to get there, but I think it will be in the end more profitable.'

'You know much better what will be for your profit than I do,' replied Clement. 'I only say that for selfish reasons I shall exceedingly regret such a decision. But how is it, Ellen, that *you* talk of leaving us. We surely cannot spare you. Who shall we find who can so well "rear the tender thought, and teach the young

idea how to shoot"? Who will be our May queen—the overseer of our poor—the protector of our orphans—the pride of our village? No, no, Ellen must remain with us.'

'Ah selfish Clement!' exclaimed Clifford, smiling. 'You might better ask us to leave our lives behind, than our Ellen. See now! you have made the poor girl's tears flow at very mention of it—or is it Ellen, at the thought of leaving some good friend behind?'

Ellen blushed and turned away her head, but made no reply. Mr. Clifford and Clement continued their discussion upon the emigrating question, which was finally decided in the affirmative. They were to go; and at the earliest possible period. Clifford set immediately about the requisite preparations, and by the time the month had elapsed was in readiness for the journey. Mr. Caldwell provided him with funds for the purchase of a lucrative tract of land, and promised, with a deal of significance, to send his son on in a few years to share it with him.

It had become the last of August when the carriage was driven to the door to convey them from their native village to the far home of their adoption. A group of young school girls were

clustered about Ellen, bidding their tearful adieus; Viola and Kathleen had each their compliment of parting kisses and tasteful keepsakes, and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford all the kind wishes the warm hearts of friends could utter. Among the saddest of the group stood Clement and Flora monopolizing as much as possible of Ellen's attention—the former by a few subdued and passionate words of regret and hope—Flora by voluble expressions of grief, and floods of hearty tears.

'I am sure, Ellen,' exclaimed she, 'I am sure I shall do nothing but cry for a whole month, to think you are gone so far away—and Clement will be so sad! and this house will look so desolate! I shall find myself half way down here every evening, I have no doubt, forgetting that you are not here, as usual. But I need not tell so much of my own griefs, while brother Clement is looking so pale. Nay now, I protest against your cheeks belieing my words by such a downright crimson glow, for you *were* as pale as—as Ellen, a moment since.'

'Come, Ellen, my dear,' said her father, 'we are waiting for you. Make short work of a bad job—say good bye at once—and the next

time you speak to them it shall be "good day !" '

'Say good bye, Ellen—Viola did !' exclaimed the exhilarated little creature, jumping about the wagon half frantic with joy at the thought of riding, she knew not, and cared not where, so that all she loved were with her.

The 'good bye' was said slowly and sadly. Ellen entered the carriage, 'cast one longing, lingering look behind,' and drew her veil closely over her face to hide her hot, bitter, irrepressible tears. The next time it was lifted she looked forth upon a strange land.

CHAPTER XI.

'Intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening know.' COWPER.

THE succeeding letter comprises the earliest intelligence of interest which we can afford our readers, of the settlement and prosperity of those whose fate it is our happiness to develope.

ELLEN CLIFFORD TO FLORA CALDWELL.

Banks of the Rock, October 15th.

MY DEAR FLORA,—The date of my letter will apprize you of the celerity with which we have travelled, explored and settled in the wilderness of the west. It is but little more than seven weeks since we stood upon the greensward of our New England home—now we are permanently and delightfully located upon the romantic banks of the crystal Rock, said to be one of the purest and most placid of western rivers.

Father was peculiarly fortunate in making a purchase. He met at Chicago a gentleman of New England, a quondam friend of his, who had been several years located in this state; but heart-sick and weary as the exile of Erin, and wasting away beneath the dire influence of the emigrant's curse—home-sickness, he had been seeking a purchaser to take the incumbrance of his house and land off his hands, that he might return with his family to the land of his love—dear, happy New England. Father effected the purchase pretty much upon his own terms, and thinks he has made, as we yankees say, a *grand bargain*. The house is not a log hut, like most of the domicils within twenty miles of us, nor a 'shingle palace,' nor an air-castle—but a small, substantial brick dwelling, with *bona fide* glass windows and painted floors, very convenient in its structure, and delightful in its position.

It is a very salubrious portion of the state, and at this gorgeous season of the year—the Indian summer—no language can describe the magnificence of the scenery. The broad forests, decked in their glorious rain-bow hues, such as our poets have described, and our art-

ists imitated upon the canvass with all the inspiration of their respective gifts, yet have failed to convey a semblance of what one glance of the eye can embody when resting upon the living mass of richness cast over the bosom of earth in her autumnal majesty—the rolling prairies, waving like vast seas of living gold, on one hand, as far as the eye can reach—nearer, the translucent stream, reflecting faithfully and with a subdued radiance every passing cloud of our mellow sunsets—and immediately beneath our eyes a spacious, though fast-fading garden of cultivated prairie flowers. Birds, too, of the most beautiful plumage, and voices sweeter than aught else on earth, come in merry groups to our embowering trees, making me wish myself a thousand times a Wilson, or Audubon or Buonaparte, that I might study the natures, and discover the appellatives of these little children of the wood. Occasionally a wild fawn darts by—a classic creature he, with agile limbs, and meek, bright eye; and now and then a son of the forest—a red brother with his bow and quiver traverses the contiguous wilds, or begs more successfully than did Logan, a cup of cold water from the pale faces who inhabit their bor-

ders. O! it is a land of poetry, Flora, and I sit me down and sigh that the muse should ne'er teach me to wake one tone upon her thrilling lyre!

Viola, dear innocent, is completely enraptured with the novelty, and, what she likes better, the romance of our new abode. She finds so many strange flowers and picturesque streams, shady grots and woodland walks, that she can scarcely allow herself the proper hours of rest. Kathleen, too, is merry and active as a young bee, though sometimes a shade crosses her brow when she thinks of her mother's far-off grave. Our memories linger much around our old homestead, and the very precious friends settled around it—but, na'th'less, we are content and cheerful, because we have now no desolation of crime at our fireside. Neighbors are remote—consequently we depend for the gratification of our social propensities upon our own little household circle. Books are *absentees*, save the few I brought with me, and our temple of worship is the many pillared grove, whose gigantic trees speak to us a language as oracular as the vocal oaks of Dodona. When the weather will permit, we perform our Sab-

bath devotions in this 'temple of nature'—father officiating as priest in the pouring forth of our spiritual oblations, and all uniting with nature's numberless choristers in a deep and holy anthem of joy and thanksgiving. It brings to my mind the Druids of old—the Celtic priests who made the forests their only temples, deeming it sacrilegious to erect any dome beneath the azure roof which the Great Supreme has suspended above the universe. But they had not our faith. Worshiping a God of vengeance and human appetite, they offered human blood upon their altars; *we* come to our Father's footstool with no offerings but contrite hearts, assured that ours is a God who delighteth in mercy and not in sacrifice.

The little girls desire me to enclose a whole letter full of their love to Clement and Flora—though Viola tells Kathleen 'she 'fraid Ellen's crowd it all out;' I might, indeed, were I to express it all upon this sheet. Father waits for me to conclude, that he may take it with him to the post office—the nearest one we have being twelve miles distant. Have compassion upon our longing hearts, dear Flora, and speedily gratify them by a full detail of everything that

is occurring and has occurred in the village since we left. Direct according to the post mark upon this letter. Remember me affectionately to your parents and your brother, and believe me to be ever your sincere friend,

ELLEN CLIFFORD.

P. S. Has Clement analyzed the new flower he found the day before we parted? He promised to give information if he succeeded. There are many of the same genus, though of a different species, growing in the prairie lands; I am consequently quite desirous of ascertaining its name. I will enclose one in this letter that he may know what beautiful wild flowers we have at the west. I find my 'Bigelowe's plants of Boston,' of little use in this far longitude, and, unless I can procure a more universal history of plants, I shall be obliged to make a botany of my own—classifying, specifying, and christening them according to my own taste and discrimination. Once more, farewell.

E. C.

Clifford passed the fall and winter advantageously in land trade upon a small extent, and each successive sale brought in its helping pro-

fits. In these bargains Clifford was not excited by a paltry spirit of gain, of jockeyism, or extorsive speculation. He was, however, as every man should be, laudably desirous of liquidating his debts and providing for the comfort and education of his family. He found his temptations to his old habit much diminished, having but few associates, and those as staid in their practices as the disciples of William Penn. His evenings were spent at his own fireside, the nursery of religion and morality, where no man fails to learn lessons of wisdom and virtue such as are taught in no other assembly upon earth.

Look upon society in all its forms and varieties; study man in every situation and circumstance of life, and it will be found that no where else on earth are the christian graces and the requisitions of the gospel, so practically exemplified and obeyed, as in the lives of those who make the domestic circle the fountain of their joys, and the shrine of their affections. There are men, or those bearing the image of men, who esteem it the height of degradation and effeminacy to pass their evenings and their Sabbaths in the society of their wives and families.

Such times are to be appropriated to public assemblies, social clubs, bar-room meetings, card tables and riotous festivals. Suffice it for the patient and heart-breaking wife, that her lordly husband can deign to pass his slumbering hours in her presence—that he can bestow so much attention upon her whose life is wearing out in his service, as to honor her table with his company while he satisfies the demands of sensual appetite—that he provides for her food and raiment, asking no return but the toils and smiles of unmeasured and unrequited affection!

Why this distaste for the pleasures of home? Something may be attributed to the wife no doubt; she has the will, but not the *tact* to make home enticing. She sometimes lacks the disposition, and sometimes the capacity, to enter into the spirit of his pursuits—to assimilate her tastes and graduate her opinions to his; she forgets to blend her soul, its ambition, its energies, and its prayers with his, nor does she always make her home bright and cheerful. Woman is, by nature, more disposed to melancholy and dreamy thoughtfulness than man. Her sensibilities are more acute, her trials more severe, and her imbecilities more numerous.

Few men can patiently submit to long details of sorrows, privations and disappointments—their sympathies are blunt, and they shun the society of those who will only entertain them with complaints and repinings, for the more congenial association of the sons of pleasure. But man has not always this plea to offer for his criminal neglect of those whom the laws of God and nature require him to cherish with his love. In nine cases out of ten, the man who customarily absents himself from the evening fireside, unless imperatively summoned by business or duty, is either a drunkard, a gambler, or a licentiate. His soul is buried in sense—and his heart is petrified and dead. But in such cases the wife and the daughter have still a duty toward him. It is to plead, and pray, and persevere, placing their hope and trust in the God of salvation. They *may* reform—of mortal powers *they*, only, can!

CHAPTER XII.

'Like blossomed trees o'erturned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier *there!*'
* * * * *
'Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die.
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?' YOUNG.

NEW ENGLAND springs are almost proverbially tardy. The cold east winds chase the leaden clouds across the vernal sunbeams, the snow-showers and blighting frosts counteract the balmy efficacy of the long days of the returning sun, the lingering masses of snow upon the numerous mountains, throw down upon the valleys a benumbing chill, and winter lingers even in the lap of May.

The inland country, however,—those parts of the continent remote from the seaboard—experience no such tantalizing delay. March, the most wearisome and disagreeable month of a New England year, had awakened the flowers of the prairie and the birds of the forest, all along the banks of the Rock where our emi-

grants had settled—called by the people of that country Greenwood Savanna. April had unfolded the buds of the venerable trees, and May had consummated their beauty; but amid all the renovation of vegetable nature, one sweet young flower was fading, slowly and silently, from the earth.

A fever and ague had fastened upon the fragile Viola,—the little frolicsome creature whose light-hearted gaiety had amused and beguiled the lonely hours of their voluntary exile. They nursed and cherished her with the fondest care, prayed and wept over her all in vain; the hectic burned brighter upon her cheek, the chills shook more roughly each day her fragile form. She wandered sad and listless among the flowers, and her light, merry laughter was hushed forever.

It was a still and fragrant evening in the last of May, when Clifford and his little family were collected around the small curtained bed where lay, in the last hour of her mortal existence, the pale and wasted young sufferer. Her head rested upon her mother's bosom, her hands were clasped in those of her father. Ellen stood by the bedside fanning the fever from her

sister's cheek, and Kathleen, the warm-hearted and faithful companion of the gentle idiot for the last twelve months, had buried her face in the pillow to weep unrestrained.

It was the first time death had entered their dwelling, the first time the parents had known the pangs of parting with a beloved child. Thanks be to God, there are, there can be but few such trials on earth; and then that *hope!* O! is there a blessing to compare with the glorious hope of the resurrection, and of the mysterious change from earthly and corruptible to celestial and eternal?

The parents saw, with the eye of faith, that wasted little form spring anew from the hands of its Creator, more beautiful, a thousand times, than it had ever been on earth, radiant with intellect, and love, and joy; they saw her basking in the smiles of her Almighty Parent, and resting on his bosom with a confidence that knew no doubt and felt no fear; they saw angels caressing, and seraphs embracing her, and they felt that Heaven was, indeed, the only proper home for one so pure and beautiful. And then they bowed their heads and lifted their hearts to

God, and murmured in voices of meekness and trust, 'Father, *thy* will, not ours, be done!'

The dying girl lay perfectly calm upon her pillow, a pleasant smile rested upon her lips, and her dark eyes beamed with more than their usual intelligence. She turned them upon her friends, and murmured a few words in broken accents.

'Papa! Viola go—*He* calls—mamma, Viola go sleep in God's arms—hear music—river of water of life—Ellen, dear Kathleen, good bye.' She drew her hands to her bosom, closed her dark eyes, and though she continued to breathe for some minutes afterward, they were never opened again.

'She is gone, sweet angel! gone home to her God,' said the father, bending over her with one yearning kiss. 'I have loved her most devotedly—but God is right. Heaven is a more fit abode than earth for one so pure, so fragile, so dependant. O how can I thank him enough for his mercies to me—for opening my eyes to his goodness and greatness—for saving me from ruin, crime and death! Margaret, Ellen, Kathleen, kneel down by my side, and let us pray.'

They did kneel, and it was a picture of holy beauty, kindled and vivified by the rays of divine trust, and celestial love. A father in the prime of manhood, saddened by a bitter experience in sin and moral strife, now bringing his chastened and renovated heart to the God of his salvation—the tender and delicate mother, pale and wasted by sorrow and sickness, resigning her youngest born to him who gave—the elder and only sister raising her soft, meek eyes to heaven, laden with the tears of tender sensibility—and the blue-eyed daughter of Erin, bowing her flushed face on the death couch of her, who, in all her sorrows and trials, had been her most constant and affectionate friend. Nor did these complete the group—*she* was there, the holy idiot, beautiful in death! Her cold, pale hands reposed as she had clasped them upon her still heart; in one of them was grasped a cluster of sweet, white violets—Kathleen had gathered them for her as the last service her affection could suggest, and they had faded and died with their beautiful, pure-hearted namesake. Her glossy black hair lay like a rich shadow upon the snowy pillow, her lips were parted in a quiet smile, displaying her small,

pearly teeth, and a dimple was congealed upon her marble cheek.

There was not a tinge of bitterness in the grief with which they mourned her. She had fallen asleep so peacefully, so willingly, and in such a confident belief of awaiting joy, that their heartstrings were scarce jarred by the gentle disengagement of the spirit they had supported and nurtured through its short and fragile existence. But they were touched to the very core by the exquisite beauty of her death, her patient endurance of suffering, her undoubting confidence in God, her pathetic farewell, her tender, intelligent *last look*, and the smiling hope with which she closed her eyes 'to sleep in God's arms.' And when they thought of the dangers to which she would have been exposed in her artlessness and fascinating beauty—of the helplessness which would have been her lot, had she remained longer upon earth—of her mental imbecility, her acute sensitiveness, the pains, and ills, and privations of mortal existence—they were thankful that she was removed to a land of peace and security. They buried her upon the green banks of the river, her favorite haunt in hours of health, and over her head were

planted the flowers that were dearest to her in life—her only monument.

Clifford had loved Viola better than any other being upon earth. She had smiled upon him in every hour of sin, of sorrow, and of joy. She was with him at his toils, prattling upon his knee, or singing at his feet in his hours of rest, caressing him when weary, and coming to him with every little grief, to receive his pity and protection. Her death was the first test of her his religious faith, and proved not only a test but an increase of strength to this young principle of his being. As Ellen had predicted, (and her predictions had more than Sibylline wisdom) her father became in profession and practice, a devoted christian—and much of this fulfilment was wrought out by her own potent influence.

Year after year passed on, and Clifford continued to prosper. Industry, frugality and temperance received the reward of competence, peace and honor. The settlement increased in population, their society enlarged and improved, and New England became nearly forgotten. Ellen's recollections, however, were still vivid, and there were friends there, whose memories she brooded over as the talisman of life. Her

correspondence with Flora had continued unbroken, and served to keep the link of memory bright and strong. Clement was always adverted to by his sister, and his graces and mental acquirements enlarged upon with profuse partiality. The merry girl was very fond of hinting about his emigrating propensity, and there was always a postscript to inquire if a young lawyer would be like to succeed in pleading a suit in the western country, as there was a friend of hers, who had a delicate case which he was desirous of bringing before a court where he could obtain favorable audience, and be encouraged in the embarrassing delivery of his *maiden speech.*

Ellen had arrived at that age when every maiden becomes an object of interest and observation to marrying men—and in new countries where young men are numerous and maidens are rare, it would have been a marvel had one far less worthy of admiration remained unloved and unsought. More than one conquered heart acknowledged its fetters at her feet, and was doomed to wear away the burden, as boonless save in sympathy, and far more despairing than when it had first dared to utter the long medita-

ted confession. Ellen knew not why—but she felt most painfully her inability to receive their avowals with other than sensations of repugnance and regret. There is many a heart which dares not acknowledge its own secret, even to itself, but whether hidden or avowed, there is a cherished romance enshrined there, which, if disappointment do not blight it, time will surely, though it may be slowly, reveal.

CHAPTER XIII.

'But love's the subject of the comic muse;
Nor can *we* write without it, nor would *you*
A tale of only dry instruction view.' DRYDEN.

FOUR years from the death of Viola, two young ladies were seated by the spot which marked her grave—a high green mound of earth studded over with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs. The eldest was but eighteen, though the thoughtful and rather pensive sweetness of her countenance betokened a degree of experience in the trials of earth, unusual in one so young, and evidently sanguine in temperament. Her form was slight and graceful, and her eye full and potent in expressive beauty. These characteristics were all that would engage immediate attention, unless it might be the exquisite delicacy of her complexion, and the softness and refinement of her manners.

Her companion was a handsome girl of fourteen, bright and gay in her natural humor, but subdued to sadness by the mournful reminiscences that were associated with the beautiful

little burial spot where she reclined. This lonely cemetery was a small semicircle of the brightest verdure, soft and elastic as the carpets of oriental looms, and closely embowered by a wild group of juvenile oaks, mingled with the lighter and more graceful locust. At the head of the grave was planted a superb magnolia, whose beautiful clusters of snow-white blossoms were half stealing from the heavy masses of oval, dark green leaves, which weighed the long branches nearly to the earth.

The river ran along before it, the radius of the sylvan arc, and if any charm could retain the disembodied spirit near the objects of its mortal love, Viola's spirit must have hovered above the melody of those falling waves. The opposite bank was encumbered by a heavy growth of venerable wood, intersected by numerous bridle paths, and a mass of sharp, irregular cliffs of the darkest limestone, draped with wild, fantastic vines, streaming over the pointed minarets, and bathing their verdant tresses in the water. A few rods higher up, the banks jutted half across the stream, compressing the whole depth of water in a narrow channel, and propelling it with a mighty gush in high foamy billows

along its course till it reached the little cemetery where the ladies sat, where it again followed the receding banks, softly subsiding into a calm, uniform flow, leaving its silvery bottom distinctly visible through the thin, lucid waves.

The companions were conversing upon olden days, and their voices agreed with the outward promise of their characteristics. The elder's was soft and liquid, like one our readers have been some time conversant with in our gentle heroine. The younger damsel spoke in a rich broad accent, slightly marked with the peculiarities of the Erin tongue, though not sufficiently to denote her a native of that country.

'I did really expect, Ellen, to see Clement in Illinois before this time. Flora has been hinting it this long while, and he is his own man now, rich and professional—what should detain him under his father's wing so long?'

'He has no object, Kathleen, in coming to this country. His home and friends are there, and he is, doubtless, established in his profession; or if he should desire to travel, he would not trouble himself to pass out of his direct route to visit us, I suppose. Flora only writes it for her own mischievous pleasure, and now she has

forgotten to do even that. It is nearly six months since I heard a word from her. No wonder—it is a long absence, and her friendship was probably a mere childish partiality. It is not so easy for me to forget her, dear girl!'

'Nor Clement, either, is it sister? You need not say you think he has forgotten, or is indifferent about you; for I know by the expression of your countenance that you are not serious in it. He has a constant heart, dear fellow! and will be glad of the first opportunity to tell you so.'

'O, no, no, Kathleen—indeed, you are mistaken. He was a most faithful and persevering friend in my early trials, but he has grown older and more discerning. He cares nothing about me—indeed he has quite forgotten me.'

Ellen turned away her head and wiped a stealthy tear that would obtrude itself, she knew not why, upon her blushing cheek. And now we leave them for a while to the prosecution of their conversation, and attend the steps of a youthful traveller through the sombre shades of an old oak forest, which stretched out many miles east of the river.

The sun yet wanted some hours of its setting,

but it only fell upon his pathway in small chequered sheets of light as an occasional opening in the umbrageous canopy would permit—and the horseman urged on his spirited animal as though solicitous to gain some specified destination while favored by their guidance. He was, ostensibly, a very young man, of middling stature and a slightly knit frame. His fresh, frank face was shaded by a summer cap of modern style, and he had the air and grace of some gallant cavalier of chivalrous days. He would ever and anon become lost in meditation till recovered by the lazy movements of his steed, who, seemingly aware of his master's abstraction from his silence and motionless posture, as well as the relaxation of the bridle upon his neck, perambulated the forest as slowly and majestically as he chose. His rider was at length effectually aroused by the glimpse and murmur of a contiguous river, and chirruping to his little horse he pressed him down the slope to its bank. There he paused. It was at the point where the stream was narrowest and most dangerous. He cast his eye upon the opposite side and saw a small brick dwelling half hid among the trees. His heart beat high, and he

turned his horse into a diverging path that ran parallel with the stream, in search of a ford where he might cross.

He emerged at the point precisely opposite the young ladies, and as they passed out of the shadow of the trees, his eye fell upon Ellen's retreating form. He dashed his horse into the river, and waved his hand for her to stop. She hesitated, ran a few steps, and again paused. The current was rapid, but the steed, young and active, bore him speedily through it, and leaped upon the bank just behind the trees that enclosed Viola's grave. He alighted in an instant, slipped the bridle around one of the trees, and sprang up the declivity to the presence of the young ladies, who stood irresolute how to act, not being accustomed to meeting strangers so far from their dwelling. The hesitation was but momentary—the recognition instantaneous. It was a greeting of rapture and unspeakable delight. Clement had not forgotten !

Having thus followed the actors of our little drama through many scenes of weal and wo, and found them at length happily united in the enjoyment of peace and love, sanctified by pure and fervent piety, we conclude our sober tale

with an extract from an epistle of our heroine to Flora Caldwell.

Greenwood Savanna, Aug.

DEAR SISTER FLORA : FRIEND I have called you long as the tenderest epithet I might lawfully bestow upon one so devotedly loved. I am happy in the privilege of addressing you by a fonder title—will you acknowledge the relation ?

Father had built a little classic cottage upon an enchanting point of land at a remote corner of his farm, and after Clement came, was desirous he should occupy it. Now you must be aware of the inconveniences and discomforts of a bachelor's hall in this unsettled country, and will of course allow that I merely obeyed the laws of humanity in complying with his solicitations to become mistress of his domicil. It is now a week since we removed here, and we have been very busy thus far in establishing order and a moderate degree of taste in our little abode. You must not imagine Persian carpets, or velvet ottomans—marble tables, or costly mirrors—we have none of these, and want none of them ; but the decorations of our cottage har-

monize with its name and the characters of its occupants.

Father has relinquished half his farm to Clement, who is about to throw aside his professional dignity, and metamorphose into a rustic, he says. Kathleen remains with my parents to supply the place of daughter to them, and a grateful and devoted one she is. Poor Viola! how often do I imagine the joy with which she would have welcomed Clement to a home in Greenwood Savanna; but she finds greater joy in heaven, and I cannot murmur that she was so kindly recalled to her rightful home.

* * * * *

Father is full of business, and his neighbors say is accumulating wealth. Mother is in comfortable health, and her spirits were never better. Our little settlement begins to look quite like a village, with its steepled church and brick schoolhouse—sights that often recall my eastern home. Clement meditates a visit to New England early in the spring. How impatiently I shall await the vivifying beams of the vernal sun, if so be that they will lighten us on our journey to our dear natal land! Then we will bring you home with us to learn how we live upon our

western farms, with our prolific fields and rich dairies. Till then I must be submissive to the necessity of subscribing myself with my pen, instead of protesting with my lips, that I am your most faithful and affectionate sister. With grateful love to my new parents, theirs and yours till death,

ELLEN CALDWELL.

BOW BROOK.

FAR in a wild and tangled glen,
  Where purple Arethusas weep—
A bower scarce trod by mortal men—
  A haunt where timid dryads sleep—
A little dancing, prattling thing,
  Sweet Bow-Brook, tutor of my Muse!
I've seen thy silver currents spring
  From fountains of Castalian dews.

A wilder, or more sylvan spot,
  Ne'er wooed a poet's feet to roam;
Not e'en Calypso's classic grot
  Would be so fit a fairy's home.
The birchen boughs, so interlaced,
  That scarce the vault of heaven is seen,
With pendant vines are wildly graced—
  An arbor of transcendent green.

And rustic bridge, a frail support
  For Cinderella's tiny foot,
And waves where naiades might sport
  Beneath some sweet aquatic root;
And farther down, a mimic lake,
  Where dark green woods o'erlook the tide,
And fragrant shrubs and feathery brake,
  Spring up along its grassy side.

Oh how my heart doth wildly thrill
  At every thought of that lone spot,
Whose fragrant solitude, sweet rill,
  Thy beauty into being brought!

And murmur not, that thou art made
An humble poet's favorite theme ;
For thou, sweet lyrist of the glade,
Thyself art but an humble stream.

And beautiful as e'er thou art,
They make thee labor at the wheel,
To ply the shaft, and swell the mart
With products of the loom and reel.
But much enraged at such constraint,
Away thou'rt gliding, big with grief,
To breathe thy piteous complaint
To every sympathizing leaf.

Upon thy tall, o'erhanging elms,
Gay birds, with blue and golden breasts,
Returned in troops from austral realms,
Found colonies of grassy nests.
They are protected—guileless birds !
For tender guardians dwell around ;
And oft with keen, reproving words,
They drive the huntsman from the ground.

In olden days the Indian maid,
With braided tresses sought thy bowers,
And rifled every sunlit glade
To wreathe her locks with scarlet flowers.
Some chieftain of the forest wove
The blushing card'nals o'er her brow,
While by the waves he breathed his love
In many a deep and fervent vow.

How oft along thy verdant shore,
I seek to find some lingering trace
Of those who made, in days of yore,
Thy banks their favorite hunting place—
Yet vain the search—no trace is found,
To tell that ever dusky maid,
Or warrior chief hath trod the ground,
Where now, perchance, their bones are laid.

Upon thy bonny banks, sweet stream,
My home succeeds the Indian brave's ;
My infant eye first caught its beam,
Reflected from thy clouded waves.
And oft I tread the grassy slope,
Which leads me to thy rose-bound shore,
With ardent and increasing hope,
To catch some fragment of thy lore.

When comes the holy hour to die,
How sweet to rest beside thy wave !
How sweet beneath thy banks to lie,
With violets waving o'er my grave !
And yet I would not cast a shade
Upon a spot so bright and glad ;
A tomb would mar so fair a glade,
And friends would find thy borders sad.

Glide on forever, warbling brook !
Earth has no voice more dear than thine—
And often in some flowery nook,
I'll swell the lay with tones of mine.
Beneath the arch of some green bough,
Where mellow sunbeams softly glance,
I'll cast the shadows from my brow,
And read to thee some gay romance.

A few short years, or days may be,
And thou wilt miss me from thy shore ;
Yet earth will still be fair to thee,
As e'er it was in days of yore.
And I shall sit upon the bank
Of that pure river of my God,
Where sin, nor grief has ever drank,
And no polluting foot hath trod !

CHILD OF THE MIST.

Child of the mist, come with me to the sun!
Thy brow is dark and heavy with despair;
Come where the rays of hope, the Holy One
Sheds on the creatures of his sleepless care.
How sad thine eyes, poor child of gloomy doubt;
How downcast on the clouded earth they rest!
Come from the vale of misty shadows out,
And dwell within the vineyard of the blest.

Thou art but finite—why then ask to know
The hidden wanderings of the God of heaven!
Thy ways are thine, and his are his to go—
But *where*, is knowledge not to mortals given!
Then why, because upon thy tender eye,
He pours not all his dazzling floods of light,
Wilt thou reject his radiant love, and lie
Buried in shadows of a starless night?

What though he wraps himself in clouds of wrath,
And makes the everlasting mountains bow?
Lo! in the sky, along his vaulted path,
Glows the bright signet of his ancient vow!
What though he scatters the perpetual hills,
And drives asunder nations with his sword?
One gentle look the raging tempest stills,
And the whole earth reposes at his word!

Child of the mist, come with me to the sun!
Cast off the veil that damps thy cheek with tears;
Come where the eye of the Eternal One,
With beams of love the stricken spirit cheers.

This is the New Jerusalem on earth !
A city radiant with balmy light ;
Where smiling children of the second birth
Walk with their God in robes of stainless white.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

THERE'S a crown for the monarch, a golden crown—
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jeweled stems ;
They've rifled the depths of Golconda's mine,
And stolen the pearls from the ocean brine ;
But the rarest gem, and the finest gold
On a brow of care, lies heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor of lotus-flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers ;
And the golden hearts of the nymphæa gleam
From their snowy bells, with a mellow beam.
They have stripped the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine-clad isle ;
But the sweetest flower from the holy flood,
And the vine, will fade on a brow of blood ;

There's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay.
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.
They've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves ;
But a fadeless wreath in vain they have sought—
It withers away on a brow of thought.

There's a crown for the christian, a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife.
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy and of love,
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.

They've gathered its rays from sources afar,
From seraphim's eyes, and Bethlehem's star ;
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a christian's brow is a brow of peace.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

'The pitcher, be broken at the fountain.' Eccl. xii. 6.

A child of bright and laughing eye,
With dimpled arm upraised,
Upon a tempting rose, hung high,
With eager wishes gazed.

A gracious zephyr bent it down—
He grasped it with a shout;
But ere he called the flower his own,
Its leaves all scattered out!

A youth a gentle maiden loved,
With truth and constancy;
And every passing year but proved
His love's intensity.

The very eve that would have made
That gentle girl his bride—
Just when the sky began to fade—
That very eve she died!

A warrior in the pride of life,
With glory for his boast,
Went forth in steel to join the strife,
And slay a mighty host.

Before his comrades' rushing steeds,
The vanquished army flies;
That proud one heeds it not, but bleeds
Low on the ground—and dies!

An old man looked upon his son,
  Robust in youth and health ;
He was his first, his only one,
  The heir of all his wealth.

That son disgraced the father's name,
  And drank the fiery cup ;
Guilt of a darker dye than shame,
  Soon filled the measure up !

Oh ! why not give these lessons heed,
  Nor future blessings count ?
For oft the ' pitcher' will indeed,
  ' *Be broken at the fount.*'

WOMAN'S LOVE.

INSCRIBED TO ANGELA.

An angel lit upon a mount,
Beside a wild cascade,
Whose waters, streaming from their fount,
Soft, melting lyrics played ;
And folding up his golden wings,
He touched his own sweet lyre,
When all-electric from its strings,
Leaped forth celestial fire.

'Thine is a seraph's dialect,'
The water-spirit sighs ;
'In ev'ry strain I can detect,
The idiom of the skies !
Sweet angel, wake another tone,
And tell thy mission here ;
Tell why thou'rt straying, far alone,
From thy celestial sphere.'

The angel sat within the spray,
That hovered o'er the tide,
And ere he woke his magic lay,
He cast his wings aside.
'A long adieu ! poor worthless things,'
Apostrophized his lyre ;
Then shaking all its silver strings,
He moved the softest wire.

Lyre of the tear and sigh !
I left the heavenly gardens of my birth,
To search for something that will never die,
Amid the shades of earth.

I wandered far and lone—
I saw a star amid the evening shade—
So steadily, so radiantly it shone,
I thought it could not fade.

I watched till noon of night,
And saw it tremble, sink, and disappear ;
Then spread my wings to take another flight,
But left behind, a *tear*.

I stood beside a flower,
The fairest, sweetest in the fields of earth ;
It died within the space of one short hour,
The victim of a dearth.

Then came I to a fount,
That flung its waters o'er a rocky slope—
The spirit of the frost—but I need not recount
The wreck of every hope.

All hushed their songs and died ;—
But ere I spread my wings to soar to heaven,
I paused one moment, where a gay young bride,
Her holy troth had given.

How radiant was her love !
Oh shall I, must I linger here, thought I,
To see this heart's bright sunshine prove
Its frail mortality ?

A spell was in that home,
That held me long, when joy and peace were there,
When cold neglect, and bitter scorn were come,
And last of all, despair.

But did her woman's love
  Grow dim, and waste away, and die?
Oh no! not e'en affection's light above,
  Hath *such* eternity!

Stronger and brighter still,
  It shone on every cloud that round it rolled,
And with the alchymist's mysterious skill,
  It changed them all to gold!

So leaving heavenly things,
  I've made my home on earth, with *woman's love:*
When time is o'er, I'll bear it on my wings,
  To bless the world above.